THE

European Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER, 1810.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of JAMES BRINDLY, Esq. and, 2, a View of THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH-COMMON.]

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London:

Printed by J. Gold, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street,

FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We had intended to have published the second letter of our ingenious Correspondent Solid "upon Country Banks, and the mischievous operation of the enormous increase of a *circulating medium unauthorised* by Government, and (in many instances) *unsupported* by property: but having, in the newspapers of Friday, Sept. 21, seen the very excellent observations of Mr. Payne (of *Bath and Wells*) on the same subject, we have no hesitation to state, that we deemed them so much to the purpose, that they induced us to *defer* those to which we have alluded for the present; though we give to our friend *Solid* great credit for his humorous comparison betwixt a country bank note, of a *certain description*, and a tradesman's token *of any description*: while we fully agree with him, that the *ingenuity* of their *devices*, the *excellence* of their *workmanship*, the *beauty* of their *appearance*, and the *superior* worth of their *material*, combine to render the *latter*, as *symbols* of commodities and *substantial* means of traffic, by much the most *valuable articles*.

Whatsoever we may think of the *dramatic taste* of the age, we are decidedly of opinion, that the Managers of Covent-garden Theatre have been *most cruelly* treated; not only by a set of *beings* who have arrogated the title of the Public, but by those *invidious* and *excruciating* observations that have issued from the press, on a mode of conduct, to which they were absolutely driven by the situation of their property. That the *Managers* had the Law on their side is most certain; but it is equally certain, that while the *grass* was growing, the *steeds* must have *starved*.

We are much obliged to *T. W. S.* for his *Notices*, dated September 21; but they came to hand much too late for this month: they shall, however, be inserted next.

The story which Detector has sent us of Prince Eugene, is most admirably told by *Voltaire* of the King of Prussia.

It has been said, and very truly said, that men are apt to be mistaken in the exact proportion that they are *positive*. This observation most particularly applies to the note of *T. B.*; for although the lines,

> " He that fights and runs away
> May live," &c.

may be in the recollection of *all* " well-educated men," there are *few* that will assert that they are to be found in *Hudibras*. In fact, they have occasioned, this month, a kind of controversy; but as it is easier to tell where they *are not*, than where *they are* to be found, we have only inserted one article out of several which we have received on the subject: *T. B.* will, therefore, see that he was *too hasty* in accusing *N. S.* of ignorance, and too *severe* in levying " a fine of seven pence" (*postage*) upon us before we had been *convicted* of any crime that deserved so *enormous* an *infliction*.

Mr. Moser's drama, entitled, " Orbis; or, The World in the Moon," in our next.

" Vacation Evenings, by Catharine Bayley," shall be reviewed in our next.

It is not our custom to review *new editions* of books that we have once noticed.

As we do not profess to give a *genealogical* series, we cannot insert so *long* an article as that which our *Correspondent* alluded to.

" *Anecdotes and Characters*," and " *Dissipation; or, The Origin of Parties*," are unavoidably deferred.

We did not receive the letter of *T. S. S.* till the 24th; of course, though we wished, it was impossible to insert it this month.

The favour of Messrs. Speculation and Co. is liable to the same observation, in a still *greater*, or rather *later*, degree.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

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MEMOIR OF JAMES BRINDLY, ESQ.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

Stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ, sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus. VIRGIL.

The stream of life with man too swiftly glides;
Year following year, flows like impellent tides;
For what can stop the rapid current's course,
Or make lost time recur with pristine force?
VIRTUE alone! The mind's superior powers
Arrest its flight, and renovate those hours,
When GENIUS, panting to preserve a name,
Consign'd its labours to the pen of fame. M.

THERE is in the human mind a property upon which *logicians* have *reasoned*, and *metaphysicians* have *conjectured*, without affording, at least to us, much instruction. This property, or rather, we should say, propension, which shrinks from *hypothetical assumption*, and can only be elucidated by *rational philosophy*, we have, from the Latin, agreed to term GENIUS; by which is understood, that mental, soul-animating quality that impels its possessor to some particular course of *study*, and, reduced to *practice*, to some particular profession; that rises superior to every difficulty, levels every impediment, combats and conquers untoward circumstances, and, from the *celestial germ* planted by the divine Providence, expands into effusions that generally improve, and frequently astonish, mankind.

The force of *genius* is like the power of *attraction*: the mental *spirit* will operate upon every thing congenial that receives its touch. In its first state of existence, it may be, as an *acorn, diminutive*; but in process of time it expands, spreads like an *oak*, and towers in the sky. It may also be compared to *a spark*; which, whether fanned by the gentle breeze, or assailed by stormy blasts, frequently rises into *a flame*, which illuminates the world.

GENIUS is the property of every nation, the growth of every soil, and the indigenous production of every situation. It has been, in a flourishing state, discovered amidst the perennial frost of the *Poles*, and blazing, emulative of solar brilliancy, in the igneous atmospheres of the *Tropics*.

We deemed it necessary to make these few observations on *genius*, because, through their *media*, we wish to introduce with effect the Portrait of JAMES BRINDLY, who was such an astonishing instance of its rise, power, and influence, whose mental energy enabled him to form a stupendous plan, and to carry into execution works which, while they produced, we may say *created*, individual wealth, have extended the local traffic, and consequently, the commercial opulence of the country.

The history of *Mr. Brindly* is *exemplary*: but as it is so intimately connected with his professional pursuits as to render a separation impossible, we mean to include it in—

A Brief History of the Rise and Progress of Inland Navigation, from its earliest Period to the Close of the Eighteenth Century.

Although, in this country, inland navigations were at first much opposed, yet their utility seems now to be universally admitted; nor can it be denied that they facilitate the communication between one part of the country and another, reduce the price of carriage, and enable the husbandman and manufacturer to send their goods cheaper to market than they could have been transmitted by any other means. The ancients were aware of these advantages; and even in *Greece*, where, from the country being peninsulated by the sea, canals were not much wanted, we find that plans were on foot, and that some of the Roman emperors attempted to cut through the isthmus which joins the *Peloponnesus* to *Greece*: and, consequently, open a passage from the *Archipelago* to the *Mediterranean*. We also find in *Bœotia* traces of canals cut to carry off the water from lands which were overflowed. The aqueducts of the *Romans* were a species of canal, and they had also many for draining the water from overflowed grounds.

Egypt, which now so peculiarly attracts our attention, contained, from the remotest antiquity, a number of canals dug to receive and distribute the waters of the Nile at the time of the inundation;* but the great project of a canal to communicate between the Nile and the Red Sea, deserves more particular attention. It was, as we are told by *Diodorus Siculus*, begun by *Necos*,† and continued by *Darius*, but laid aside from a fear that it would lay *Egypt* under water. *Ptolemy* the Second, however, completed the undertaking, and caused to be constructed a dam or sluice, which opened to give a passage, and immediately closed again: this canal was four days journey in length. By means of it the rich commodities of *India*, *Persia*, *Arabia*, and the coast of *Africa*, were conveyed from the *Red Sea* to the *Nile*, down that river to *Alexandria*, and thence shipped to the various parts of *Europe*. After the reign of *Ptolemy*, this canal seems to have been neglected, but was again opened by one of the *Califs* in 635: and again neglected, so that some traces of it alone remain. The canal of *Alexandria*, or, as the *Arabs* call it, of *Faoua*, has had better fortune; it was cut from a place now called *Rhamanic*, to *Alexandria*, with intent to supply that city with water. There was also a canal from *Alexandria* to *Canopus*, and a great variety of other canals for the purposes before-mentioned.‡

China has for a long series of years been the chief country for canals; scarcely a town or a village, that is not washed by the sea or a river, but has a canal. The great or royal canal is one of the most wonderful works of art:§ it employed thirty thousand men for the space of forty-three years to complete it. The length from south to north, extending from the city of *Canton* to the northern boundary of the empire, is between eight and nine hundred miles; the breadth is fifty feet, and the depth nine feet; it can, consequently, take vessels of considerable burthen, some of which have sails, others oars, and others are towed. It passes forty-one large cities, and innumerable canals are cut into it, to connect it with the rivers, lakes, and rivulets of the country. These canals are of the utmost benefit to

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* There were canals in Egypt 1350 years B.C. One to form a communication betwixt the *Nile* and the Red Sea was begun 1300 years B.C.

† It was *Sesostris* that first conceived the stupendous design of opening a canal betwixt the *River Nile* and the *Red Sea*. This work, after lying in an unfinished state near 700 years, was resumed by *Necos*; but the surveyors meeting with natural impediments that were deemed insuperable, it was, after the lives of 120,000 workmen had been sacrificed to intolerable labour, again abandoned. *Herodot.* l. ii.—This canal was, 506 years B.C. completed by *Darius*, or, as *Diodorus Siculus* and *Strabo* say, by the *Ptolomies*, who, probably, caused it to be cleansed from the soil deposited by the periodical inundations of the Nile. *Myris*, or *Moeris*, who is honoured with the title of *Father of Philosophy*, is supposed to have been the first who promulgated the idea which was afterwards adopted, of improving his country by the forming canals and an artificial lake, which bears his name, to receive the redundant waters of the Nile.—Editor.

‡ In *Samos* there were, 524 years B.C. found engineers capable of perforating a high mountain with a *tunnel* of eight feet in height, and the same in breadth, and seven furlongs in length, containing an aqueduct which supplied the town with excellent water.—*Herod.* l. iii. c. 60.

§ Vide *Barrow*'s Travels in *China*, pp. 335, 506, 512.

China: and they are finished and maintained in a very complete manner: the quays are all faced with free-stone, the bridges over them are innumerable, and have some three, some five or more arches, the centre of which is lofty, to permit barges or vessels with masts to pass under. We are assured that there is a passage by canals almost from one end of the empire to the other, for the length of eighteen hundred miles, and that a passenger may go from one end of the empire to another by water, except in crossing one mountain. In short, the canals are the roads of *China*.

Nor are other parts of *Asia* without these great conveniences; the countries between *Delhi* and the *Pansiat*, in *Hindostan*, are supplied with water by a canal, which also answers the purposes of navigation; and *Major Rennell* mentions several other canals, one of which from the river *Jumna* is divided into seven streams.

Let us now turn to *Europe*, and we shall find, that Russia, although much more backward in civilization than most of the other European kingdoms, has, however, been very active in this species of improvement.

Peter the Great formed the plan of an inland navigation from *Persia* to *Petersburgh*, the new city he had just founded. The goods were to be brought by the *Caspian Sea* to *Astrachan*; from thence by the river *Wolga*, and a line of canals, into the river *Mesta* and the lake of *Novogorod*; thence into the lake of *Ladoga* and the river *Neva* to *Petersburgh*; a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. He also planned a navigation from the *Don* to the *Wolga*, and another canal to the river *Occa*, and thus to effect a navigation to *Moscow*, and afterwards a line of communication to *Archangel*, the completion of which was prevented by his death. He employed an Englishman, *Captain Perry*, as his engineer, who met with great opposition from the nobles, or boyars. The death of the *Czar*, as has been observed, stopped the works for a time; but they have most of them, with some improvements, been carried on by his successors. The convenience for inland navigation in *Russia* is wonderful, it being possible to convey goods by water near four thousand five hundred miles with only one interruption of about sixty miles: this length is from the frontiers of *China* to *Petersburgh*. Also from *Astrachan* to *Petersburgh* by a line of water navigation, one thousand four hundred miles, and upwards. *Russia* has several other canals, but of less length.

Sweden has long enjoyed canal navigation. One plan to unite the *German Ocean* with the *Baltic*, by the canal of *Trolhaetta*, is not quite complete: and *Denmark* has some on her continental dominions.

The canals of *Holland*, which are out of number, have long been the theme of every traveller. The several provinces are intersected with innumerable canals, which serve for roads and public highways, and on these the *Dutch* are constantly journeying, and conveying commodities from one place to another. Nor are they in this mode of conveyance confined to their own country, for they have also water communications with many parts of *France*, *Flanders*, and *Germany*. The yearly profit of these canals is immense; and *Mr. Phillips*, in his ingenious History of Inland Navigation, says, that of one distance of forty miles, the annual profit is 25,000l. which is 625l. per mile. The canals of *Ostend*, *Ghent*, *Antwerp*, *Brussels*, &c. communicate with the *Dutch* canals, and mutually assist each other.

France has canals of considerable consequence. The canal of *Burgundy*, which forms a communication between the *Loire* and the *Seine*. The canal of *Orleans*, which joins this canal. The canal of *Bourbon*, intended to effect a communication between *Paris* and the river *Oise*. A vast variety of other canals are in *France*, and the new government are planning many additional ones; but the great and really superb work is that of *Languedoc*, or the canal of the two seas, which forms a junction between the *Ocean* and the *Mediterranean*.

It does honour to the *Minister Colbert*, who patronised, and to *Riquet*, the engineer, who conducted the work. It was begun in 1666, and finished in fifteen years; has on it one hundred and fourteen locks; and is conveyed over bridges of vast height, which gives passage to rivers under them. It has also a tunnel to convey it under a mountain, which, as it was the first of the kind of any magnitude, was looked on as a most extraordinary undertaking. This work cost about half a million sterling, of which the king gave one half, and the province paid the remainder. This canal begins at *Cette*, and passes to the town

of *Agde*, where there is a basin with three openings, of three different depths of water, the gates so contrived, that the master of the vessel may open which he pleases. There are near *Beziers*, and also near the tunnel, eight locks together, forming a grand and regular cascade 960 feet long, by which the vessels cross the river *Orb*. At *St. Ferriol* is a reservoir which covers 590 acres, with passages for the water into the basin of *Panouf*, which is the highest level, and is embanked and walled round with stone. The canal then descends, passing many towns into *Gardane*, a little below *Toulouse*. The breadth is 144 feet, including the towing paths, the depth 6 feet, and the length 64 French leagues. The highest part is 600 feet above the lowest level.

In SPAIN, the canal of *Arragon* was begun in 1781, and, when complete, will open a new conveyance for the production of that country: there are, in fact, two canals, both of which begin at *Navarre*, and run through *Arragon*, and, at length fall into the *Ebro*. These works have been effected by labours deserving of admiration: besides dykes, banks, sluices, &c. where necessary, there is an aqueduct 710 fathoms in length, in which this canal runs. They have also other canals, but of less note; and as the *commercial genius* of *Spain* seemed, antecedent to her present troubles, to have been renovated, and her *monarch* and *ministers* to have turned their attention to traffic, there is little doubt, had not the most wanton, the most diabolical, perfidy operated against *national happiness*, but that the aridity of the country would have been meliorated, and its commerce improved and extended by the means of inland navigation.

Let us now turn to our own country. There we find the vestige of a canal, now called *Caerdyke*, which seems to have been cut from the river *Hyne*, near *Peterborough*, to the river *Withom*, near *Lincoln*, and most probably with intention to join those rivers. It was forty miles in length, but is nearly filled up: and whether cut by the *Romans*, *Saxons*, or *Danes*, is uncertain.* Except this, no attempt was made to revive canal navigation in *England* till within about fifty years. This might possibly arise from the many fine navigable rivers we possess, some of which extend far into the country, and these kinds of artificial navigations were possibly thought unnecessary; especially as several of the rivers had, by art, been rendered navigable much further than they were by nature.

About the middle of the last century, however, our countrymen began to turn their thoughts to this great object; and, fortunately, at the same time there lived one of those wonderful geniuses which seldom appear; and, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, a spirited young nobleman, just come to the possession of a good estate, and inclined to patronize him.

This man was the justly celebrated MR. JAMES BRINDLY, and his patron the late DUKE OF BRIDGWATER. *Mr. Brindly* considered, that although the four great rivers of *England*, the *Thames*, the *Trent*, the *Mersey*, and the *Severn*, extend far into the country; yet the four great ports of the kingdom situated on these rivers, viz. *London*, *Bristol*, *Liverpool*, and *Hull*, had no communication by water with each other, except by a navigation considerably circuitous, always tedious, and, in winter, extremely dangerous. *Mr. Brindly*, therefore, formed a plan to unite them; and private interest has led the way to the completion of this truly great and national undertaking.

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* The inland trade of England was, antecedent to A.D. 1066, assisted not only by many navigable rivers, which in every direction intersect the country, but also apparently by artificial canals, where the ground was sufficiently level to admit them. *Abbo* of *Fleury* describes the kingdom of the East Angles as bounded on the west by a rampart and a ditch. (*See Camden's Britan. in Cambridgeshire, where several such are noted.*) A canal in *Huntington-shire* (probably that mentioned above, called Kingsdelf, is, at least, as old as the year 963. [*Chron. Sax. ad. an.—Hist. Rames ap Gale, p.* 457.] It is not impossible but that these canals may be of still higher antiquity, and may owe their origin to *Roman* policy and British labour. This is an ingenious conjecture of the author of "The Annals of Commerce." It was the policy of the *Romans* to employ the people whom they conquered in every way that it was possible to employ them. To this is to be attributed the stupendous works that were, in every country, under their auspices erected. Industry turned the thoughts of their newly-acquired subjects from politics; and their *real burthens*, however strange it may seem, enabled them to bear those that were in terms *metaphorical*. —EDITOR.

Justice requires that, as we have in our exordium, in general terms, announced his merit, we should give some account of the very singular man who planned and laid the first foundation of these great works. He was born at *Tunsted*, in *Derbyshire*, in 1716. His father possessed a little freehold, which he dissipated by a fondness for shooting, and other field sports; in consequence of which his son's education was totally neglected; and it is much to his praise, that, to support his family, he got employed in such kind of labour as his strength would permit. At the age of seventeen, he bound himself apprentice to a millwright of the name of *Benart*, near *Macclesfield*, in *Cheshire*, when he quickly discovered an attachment to the mechanical arts in general, and a genius formed for extending them. In the early part of his apprenticeship, he was often left by himself for weeks together, to execute works, for which his master had given him no previous instruction. These works he, of course, finished in his own way; and his master was frequently surprised at the improvements he from time to time introduced into the millwright business. The millers, therefore, observing his ingenuity, generally chose to have him employed on their work. In short, his attention and application supported his master (who was very old) and his family with comfort. One singular instance of his application deserves notice: His master was engaged to build an *engine paper-mill*, which was the first of the kind attempted in those parts. He went to see one, but when he came to work at it, he was not able to complete it. *Brindly*, without mentioning his design, set out on the Saturday evening after he had finished his business, travelled to the place where a mill of that kind was to be seen, took a view of it, and returned back in time to his work on Monday morning, having travelled fifty miles on foot. He then informed his master in what he was deficient, and the mill was completed to the satisfaction of his employers. He afterwards engaged in business on his own account, and brought forward many useful inventions and contrivances, so that he acquired the character of a most ingenious mechanic, and was called to work at many distant places. In 1752, he erected a very extraordinary water-engine for draining coal-mines, at *Clifton*, in *Lancashire*. In 1755, he was employed to make and erect the large wheels for the *silk-mill* at *Congleton*, in *Cheshire*;* all which he executed with the most consummate skill, and invented many useful machines to further this business. He also made some valuable additions to the *potters mill* for grinding flint-stone;† and in 1756 he undertook to erect a steam-engine on a new plan at *Newcastle-under-Lyne*. His inventive genius also displayed itself in many other ingenious inventions and improvements.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PINDAR'S 10TH NEM. OD.

(Continued.)

EPOD. 1.

Θρέψε δ' αἰχμὰν Ἀμφιτρύ-
ωνος· ὁ δ' ὄλβῳ φέρτατος
ἵκετ' ἐς κείνου γενεάν:
ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐν χαλκέοις ὅπλοις
Τηλεβόας ἐναρόντι
ὄψιν εἰδόμενος,
αθανάτων βασιλεὺς αὐλὰν ἐσῆλθε,
σπέρμ' ἀδείμαντον φέρων
Ἡρακλέος· ὃυ κατ' Ὄλυμπον
ἄλοχος Ἥβα, Τελεία
παρὰ ματέρι βαίνοισ'
ἔστι, καλλίστα Θεῶν.

1.

But Jove upheld Amphitryon's spear;
Who then transcendent bliss acquir'd,
When to Jove's race approach'd he near,
And to his roof the god retir'd;
What time in brazen armour dress'd,
The sire of gods *his* mien express'd,
Who crush'd the Teleboans' pride:
Jove's seed, to Hercules convey'd,
The dauntless chief immortal made;
Blithe Hebe was his bride;
She, loveliest of celestial dames,
A seat on high Olympus claims;
Her youth the goddess-mother guides,
Who o'er connubial rites presides.

STROPH. 2.

Βραχύ μοι στόμα παντ' ἀνα-
γήσασθ' ὅσων Ἀργεῖον ἔχει τέμενος
μοῖραν ἐσλῶν. Ἔστι δε καὶ κόρος ἀν-
θρώπων βαρὺς ἀντιάσαι.
ἀλλ' ὅμως εὔχορδον ἔγειρε λύραν,
καὶ παλης ἀέθλων λάβε φρον-
τίδ'. Ἀγών τοι χάλκεος

* The first silk-mills introduced into Cheshire were erected at *Stockport*. *De Foe's Tour through Great Britain*, vol. ii. p. 368.—They were introduced at *Congleton* by *Samuel Pattisson*, who lived to see them brought to perfection. He died in 1756.

† And to the *lathe* for the ornamental turning of *pottery*.—EDITOR.

δᾶμον ὀτρύνει ποτὶ τὰν θυσίαν Ἥ-
ρας, ἀέθλων τε κρίσιν
Οὐλία παῖς ἔνθα νικάσαις δὶς, ἔσ-
χεν Θειαῖος δυσφόρων λάθαν πόνων.

2.

But my contracted mouth must fail
To tell of all in full detail;
Tell ev'n a part of those athletic feats,
Whose fame all Argos' echoing plain repeats.
Satiety's oppressive weight
In jaded minds engenders hate.
Still must thou, Muse, awake the slumbering string,
And of the wrestler's toils prepare to sing.
The brazen contest summons crowds away,
And Juno's sacrifice demands the lay.
Lo, here unit-d tongues applaud
The rigorous judge's just award;
And here Thiœus, Ulia's son,
Twice the wreath of conquest won;
And purchas'd, after va t turmoils,
A sweet oblivion of his toils.

NOTES.

Amphitryon's successful war against the Teleboans, his subsequent marriage with Alcmene, Electryon's daughter, the birth of Hercules by Jupiter, who personated Amphitryon, are portions of that fabulous story, which our poet, as his manner is, has epitomized; lest haply he should violate what he calls the τεθμὸς, and tire his readers with details: κόρος γὰρ βαρὺς. See the Amphitryon of Plautus.

Hebe] Juno, Hebe's mother, presided over the rites of marriage. She is called by Virgil pronuba Juno. As she brought these rites τελειότητι, the name here assigned her is τελεία.

Thiœus] Thiœus, to whom this ode is inscribed, obtained two victories at a festival, instituted at Argos in honour of Juno. The sacrifice consisted of an hundred oxen; whence the festival was denominated ἑκατόμβοια. The prize was a brazen shield; to which remuneration the epithet χάλκεος refers. R.

A Receipt *for curing* Butter, *preferable to the common* Method.

(Communicated by a Gentleman of Veracity, who has used it for some Length of Time.)

TAKE one half ounce of common salt, one fourth ounce of saltpetre, and one fourth ounce of moist sugar; pound them together, and use them in the proportion of one ounce to the pound of butter. On trial, it will be found that butter thus prepared will keep any length of time, and have a much finer flavour than butter salted in the usual manner.

CULTURE OF POTATOES.

A MEMBER of the Agricultural Society of Greenock made the following experiment:—"The first year," he says, "I cut the potatoes in three pieces, the top, the middle, and the bottom parts, and planted these in three rows. The top plant was ten days earlier than the middle plant, and a much greater crop: the middle plant was earlier than the bottom, and a better crop; the bottom produced but a very indifferent crop. For some seasons past I have only set the top eyes, and I believe have the best crop and driest potatoes in the country; nor do I think there is any waste in doing so; for I find the potatoe keeps the better by having a cut taken off it."

Parpoulier, a celebrated French chemist, has discovered a new species of utility, besides its nutritive powers, in the potatoe; and his discovery has been proved in England by stucco plasterers. From the starch of potatoes, quite fresh, and washed but once, a fine size, by mixture with chalk, has been made, and in a variety of instances successfully used, particularly for ceilings. This species of size has no smell; while animal size, putrifying so readily, uniformly exhales a most disagreeable and unwholesome odour; the size of potatoes, being very little subject to putrefaction, appears from experience to prove more durable in tenacity and whiteness, and, for white-washing, should always be preferred to animal size, the decomposition of which always exhibits proofs of infectious effluvia.

According to a very curious calculation, it has been ascertained, that an acre of land planted with potatoes will produce sufficient food for 16,875 healthy men for one meal; while an acre of wheat will not feed more than 2,745. The expense of cultivating the potatoes is estimated at 12l. 1s. and that of the wheat at 11l. 15s.

In the year 1806, there were grown on moss-land, at Castle Head, never before cultivated, carrots, which in one square yard (tried in several parts of the field) weighed 47lb. Half an acre produced, on the average, 9 tons, 4 cwt. 2 qrs. 16lb. carrots, which, at 4s. per cwt. would amount to 36l. 18s. 6d.—The quantity of potatoes growing on four statute acres of the same field was 690 bushels. The rows were four feet asunder.

THE ADVENTURES OF

MAHOMET, *THE WANDERING SULTAN;* OR, A SKETCH OF MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Written in 1796.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 95.)

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Chapter XXVI.

LADY HERBERT, to whom *Mahomet* and *Pedro* were introduced, received them with that elegance of hospitality, and, indeed, warmth of benevolence, which still distinguishes the inhabitants of the principality. She was but little advanced beyond the meridian of life; and although the dazzling bloom of her youthful charms had faded, yet had her figure acquired a dignity which, combined with the benignity of her deportment, and the blandishment of her manners, rendered her still attractive.

Sir Owen Herbert, *Julia*, the *young Gentlemen*, *Mahomet*, and *Pedro*, had, after an elegant and cheerful breakfast, retired to the library. The conversation turned upon the comparative state of learning and refinement betwixt *England* and *Wales;* a subject that had arisen from an assertion of Sir Owen's, which the curiosity of the Sultan elicited, namely, that the difficulty of access to the principality was its best security, not only against the incursions of hostile foes, but against the inroads of *luxury*, and the introduction of its concomitant vices.

"To the people of England in general," he continued, "this country is little better known than if it was situated upon the continent; and although I am too eager for the acquisition of knowledge myself to wish to repress individual curiosity, I have too much at heart the peace and happiness of my compatriots, to desire that the barriers which nature has placed around us should be levelled. I dread those times, which I ideally anticipate, when the example of our commercial and wealthy neighbours, the *English*, shall, by causing the introduction of luxuries that are useless, detach the *lower* and *middle classes* of the people, who are our strength, from their *rural* and *agricultural* pursuits: I view, prospectively, those times when every part of these mountainous regions shall be explored, and dread the consequences: because I am certain, that when riches shall, like a torrent, rush in upon us, our wants, our vain desires, will increase to a degree which will shew to our neighbours, that as opulence throws off the restraints of refinement, it becomes not only ridiculous, but criminal; while money unequally distributed will, by frequently falling into improper hands, operate as the harbinger of poverty, and, in fact, be a curse instead of a blessing to the people."

While the baronet was thus declaiming, an alarm was given, the turret-bell rung, and the mingled accents of a number of voices seemed loudly to demand and strenuously to refuse entrance. The sensations of the family were visible in their features: suspense seemed to increase their terror: at length a servant appeared—he was quickly followed by *Lady Herbert*, who, in the greatest agitation, exclaimed, "Innocence is, in these times, no protection—Horror and distress have overwhelmed us!"

Sir Owen, whose nerves, firm as they had been, seemed to shrink at the terror of his wife, demanded of the servant the cause of the agitation that pervaded the household, and learned that a band of armed ruffians, under the command of a brutal officer, demanded admission. He instantly started, and prepared to go to the gate; but his lady and daughter threw their arms around him; while his sons desired that they might be employed as messengers on this occasion.

The demands from without, and the threats in case of resistance, which were to the family communicated every minute, increasing, and a consciousness that opposition, were it for a short period possible, would ruin their own, without, in the smallest degree, serving their country's cause, induced *Sir Owen* to order the gates to be thrown open, while, attended by his sons, he descended to meet the rude assailants. The *soldiers*, who seemed more intent upon plunder than on any part of their duty, rushed into the house, traversed the rooms, and, under pretence of searching *for arms*, possessed themselves of many valuable articles. The officer delivered to the baronet *the mandate of sequestration*, and an order to appear before the *major-general* of the

district, to answer matters that should be alleged against him. During these transactions, which rendered the hitherto elegant and peaceful mansion of the *Herberts* a scene of tumult and confusion, *Mahomet* and *Pedro* endeavoured to soothe the fears and to subdue the terror of the *ladies*, whose sensations were such as would, to any but the unfeeling monsters around, have rendered them objects of pity. To these their distress was only considered as "*the fall of profane pride*," *the workings of wholesome visitations*, and, consequently, a subject upon which, with *great composure* and *seeming satisfaction*, they descanted in *scriptural language*, abominably perverted, and stupidly applied.

Amidst the disturbance and terror that prevailed, however intent the party might have been to the orders of their masters, or to their own emolument, neither the appearance of *Mahomet*, who, although dressed in the *English habit*, had nothing in his person, manner, or language, in the least degree *English*, nor the *foreign* accent of *Pedro*, were suffered to pass unobserved. As they were discovered to be strangers, little acquainted with the language, they were wisely, by the *sagacious saints*, considered as spies. In these characters they afforded a *biblical theme*, which having been amply discussed, they were commanded by the officer to give an account of themselves, upon pain of being dragged before the *military tribunal*. When this matter was explained to the *Sultan*, it gave him considerable concern; though not from any personal fears, but merely in consequence of those arising from the ideas of the delay it might occasion, and the rude interrogatories to which it might expose him. He lamented that his curiosity had induced him to travel through the country during the time that it was in so unsettled a state, and still more that accident had placed him in a situation so obnoxious. While these thoughts pervaded his mind, *Pedro*, who had a far clearer insight with respect to some classes of society than his royal companion, and therefore had, in *London*, procured testimonials of their characters, and certificates that their pursuits were unconnected with politics, produced them to the officer, and, either by the influence of these, or by *some other influence*, obtained his leave to depart.

The joy of the travellers to find themselves at liberty, and on the outside of a castle, whence, a few minutes before, they feared that they should be conducted by *a guard*, was considerably damped by their feelings for the situation in which they had left its hospitable and benevolent owner, and his lovely and amiable family; a situation that shewed to the *Sultan* how liable inordinate power was to be employed to the worst of purposes.

"What," said he, "could induce a people so enlightened as this nation to risk so dangerous an experiment as the abolition of monarchical government?"

"There have been," returned *Pedro*, "perhaps there are, in every country, bold and dangerous spirits, more conspicuous for perverted talents, specious eloquence rather than solid sense, ardent ambition, unbounded prodigality, and consummate arrogance, than for their virtue, or their gratitude to those governments, from which themselves or families have received favours almost unbounded, and derived riches almost incalculable.

"You need not be told that the vices of *ambition* and *ingratitude*, however for a season latent, however occasionally smothered in the breasts of a few, have, in all countries, ever been sapping *political existence*.

"These passions," he continued, "are, as was formerly said of the fires of the *Magi*, perennial; and although they may, at certain periods, only emit a smouldering flame; yet when any great and unfortunate occasion fans them to *a blaze*, men will arise who, like *Pisistratus* at *Athens*, *Catiline* at Rome, *Renault* and *Peter* at Venice, *Massaniello* at *Naples*, and *Cromwell* in this country, become first the demagogues, and then, if success crowns their treasonable enterprises, the tyrants of the people."

"It is," said *Mahomet*, "fortunate for the world, that the existence of these *popular delusions* has been, generally speaking, short, and that the operation of good sense has always produced the triumph of *order*, and *civil obedience* over *anarchy* and *confusion*."

"True," returned *Pedro*: "as in the physical world it frequently has been observed, that, illuminated by the solar beams, the face of nature seemed to smile, and every field displayed a beautiful specimen of luxurious vegetation: yet while the air breathed perfume, and

the groves resounded with melody, a sudden storm may have burst from the clouds, swept over the plains, deformed the foliage, fired the villages, and driven the peasants from their domestic shelter —their property may have been destroyed, and their lives endangered from the thunder-bolts of heaven, which have been hurled around: still are the concussions arising from civil commotions almost as baleful in their effects, and sometimes as little to be resisted. Those *democratic tyrants*, who may be termed the thunder-bolts of earth, were, perhaps, designed by Providence as national scourges, as instruments selected to punish the vices of the people: but it has generally happened, that they have also fallen, and in their deaths, as in their lives, have exhibited terrible examples to posterity."

These observations of *Pedro* elicited the approbation of *Mahomet*; and, as he had, indeed, every day occasion to contemplate some of them practically displayed around him, he, therefore, resolved to shorten his excursion. They with infinite delight pursued the meanders of the romantic *Wye*, wondered at the wood-environed *Severn*, thrided the fantastic mazes which *then* distinguished the picturesque banks of the *Usk*, and, in fact, made a scientific tour through the counties of *Gloucester*, *Monmouth*, and *Hereford*. In the course of this journey, they had frequent occasion to admire not only the forest-clad rocks, and the stupendous, though bald and barren, beauties of nature, but also, buried deep in vallies and surrounded by orchards, the august vestiges of ancient art and ancient magnificence. If they were astonished, on their ascent to the craggy brow of the great *Skyrrid Vawr*, to behold *Monmouth* stretching along the picturesque banks of the *Monnow* and *Wye*, embowered with, and backed by, mountain-woods, above which towered the bleak and rugged summit of the *Little Doward*, they were no less struck by the contemplation of *Raglan Castle*, near which once stood the mansion of that hero of *Agincourt*, the celebrated *Sir David Gam*. The abbey of *Grace Dieu*, *Clifford Castle*, *St. Breval's*, *Tintern Abbey*, *Lanthony Priory*, in their turn, engaged their attention. These were scenes and objects entirely new to *Mahomet*, and, indeed, to *Pedro*: they contemplated, with mingled astonishment and veneration, those remains of feudal and monastic magnificence; they had also, on observing the ruin of several towns through which they passed, opportunities to deplore the ravages of civil war, and execrate those effusions of *sacrilegious* and *illiterate fury*, which had defiled the *temples* of *religion*, and dilapidated the mansions of *piety* and *learning*. They viewed with horror the destruction of ancient establishments, and found their disgust increase, as the enormities of the times appeared still more conspicuous, upon their arrival in the *metropolis*.

As the manners of the people of *London* were, at that period, the most repulsive it was possible to be, to men of refined ideas, polite education, and elegant acquirements, they rejoiced at the fortunate opportunity to leave the country, which the sailing of a vessel from the *Thames* presented. They, therefore, immediately sent their baggage on board, and in a few hours followed.

Their voyage was prosperous; they viewed the apparent recession of the white cliffs of *Albion* with great satisfaction; indeed, they seemed to lose a kind of *political dread*, which they had felt during their residence in *England*, when they found themselves on the broad bosom of the *German Ocean*: they, in due course of time, landed at *Ostend*, whence they immediately travelled to Brussels.

* * * * * *

In the capital of the Netherlands, the *Sultan* and his friend were happy for a few days to repose from the mental and corporeal fatigue which they had lately undergone.

As soon as rest had prepared their minds for observation, they found abundant reason to admire a city, the streets of which were beyond description beautiful; a city which might then be termed the emporium of art and elegance, whose squares were magnificent, and whose public buildings, churches, and palaces, were superb.

Mahomet had, in *England*, observed how far the pretensions to extraordinary sanctity had been carried; how far the influence of hypocrisy had extended: he had seen men the most illiterate pretend to *inspiration*, become TEACHERS, and, without knowing the meaning of the expression from which they derived their influence, presume to instruct in what they *quaintly* termed *the Word*, people that were much *wiser*, while they frequently made laws to pu-

nish those that were much more *inoffensive* than themselves.

Endued with a natural sagacity, which, from education, was turned to the contemplation of the science of government, through its varied systems, he had observed, that much impiety arose from the unsettled state of *religious opinions*, and much *anarchy* from the continual clash of political interests; for, however holy, however zealous in *the Cause*, the inhabitants of the metropolis, for instance, might think themselves, he soon discovered, that jealousy of each other, pride, envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, reigned in every parish-meeting, and even ascended to a much higher sphere, where party opposed party, and one sect treated another with the greatest malignity.

He had before deplored the melancholy cause whence this abandonment of principles, and confusion of pursuits, had arisen; and he now determined, as fully as possible, to banish from his mind its dreadful effects.

Here he was, however, in his calculation, mistaken. While he stayed at *Brussels* (which he had no desire to quit), he found it was impossible to forget what had so lately passed in *England*, because he soon discovered that it had become a *city of refuge* to many emigrants from that country; he, therefore, waved his intention of consigning his sorrowful ideas to oblivion, and generously embraced men endeared to him by their *loyalty* and their *consequent misfortunes.* He found their manners elegant, their acquirements liberal, and their sentiments congenial to his own, and, consequently, courted their society with the same ardor that he compassionated their situation.

Among this unfortunate, yet deserving, class of persons, *Mahomet* formed an attachment to one who seemed to have a peculiar claim to his regard. Lord H. had, with other noblemen, been the earliest of the loyalists who joined the standard of their amiable, but, alas! unhappy, *monarch*. As his influence was great in the western part of *England*, he brought with him a large body of armed men, and, adhering to the royal cause through all its vicissitudes, was, upon its fall, *marked* as an object particularly obnoxious. He was then obliged to collect the scattered remains of his large fortune, and, with his wife and family, seek refuge in a foreign land.

As he had, for some time, foreseen the event which now happened, he had, in some degree, prepared for it; and although his means were, when, compared to his former affluence, contracted, he had still left enough, not only to enable him to live, in some degree, according to his rank, but to indulge himself in acts of generosity to those cavaliers who had been less provident, or still greater sufferers.

Pleased with an opportunity to observe characters and manners of a very peculiar cast, the *Sultan* frequently availed himself of a general invitation to his lordship's table which he had received. He sometimes, also, by means not easy to trace, gave proofs of his liberality to cavaliers whom he knew to be as deserving as they were indigent.

Accompanied by *Pedro*, the *Sultan* called, one day, at the hotel of Lord H——; and although it was at an early hour, that nobleman was absent: they were, however, shewn into the drawing-room. *Mahomet* had for some days remarked, that melancholy had clouded the countenance of his companion: he knew that he had received letters from *Venice*, and was just beginning to question him upon the subject, when the entrance of a stranger suspended his inquiry.

As the conversation had, consequently, stopped, the *Sultan*, to continue it, as he thought politeness demanded, spoke of some political reports current at *Brussels.* The gentleman who had just entered seemed to regard him with an attention, mingled with a kind of awe and reverence, that surprised him—and when he had done speaking, said, with the profoundest respect,

"Having heard that your *Sublime Highness* had left your dominions, I gave little credit to the report, although I am now convinced of its truth, as I was too long a resident at your court to render it possible for any alteration in dress to conceal from me the features of the august *Sultan Mahomet.*

The *Sultan*, vexed that this discovery had been made in the presence of *Pedro*, was too much lost in thought to reply: therefore the stranger continued,

"Your *Sublime Highness* will, I hope, pardon my presumption, and impute to the sudden emotions of my surprise the liberty I have taken; from which, I presume, no bad consequence can arise, as the secret which I have now revealed must have been long since known to this your friend."

"In this," said *Mahomet*, "you are mistaken, as this gentleman, who never was my subject, did me the favour to accompany me in my desultory tour. The reasons that militated against my travelling in my own character were equally cogent with respect to him as they were to the public. I now perfectly recollect your person and your situation. You was ambassador from the court of *England* to the *Porte*: a character that, certainly, implies in its possessor prudence; though this, I think, you have in some degree abandoned by your present recognition. If you would not, therefore, have me think that you value your memory more than your honour, you must henceforward only address me as a private gentleman, for as such only I wish to be considered."

"Sorry as I am," said the Stranger, "to have offended you by my abrupt discovery, I certainly will not, in future, give you any cause to complain. Your secret cannot be more secure in your own bosom than in mine."

The arrival of company prevented any further conversation upon this interesting subject. Through the whole of the day *Mahomet* observed, with concern, that the melancholy of *Pedro* seemed to increase; and that, when they returned to their mansion, he appeared more than usually respectful and reserved.

Next morning, when he attended, he produced letters; and to the inquiries of the *Sultan* respecting his health, replied,

"The grief which your highness has for some days observed to oppress your servant, does not arise from any corporeal indisposition. The illness of a father whom I revere hath had a considerable share in its production; but, oh, my lord! can I, after the discovery of yesterday, mention the misfortunes of a beloved sister!"

"Sister!" said *Mahomet*: "What new misfortune can have happened to *Zulima*, sheltered as she was under the roof, and in the protecting arms, of her parents?"

"No new misfortune," replied *Pedro*, "has happened to her: but yet many years must elapse before her keen recollection of former woe can be blunted. The happiness of *Zulima* sunk with the corse of her beloved husband; yet the sorrow which arose from that melancholy event might, in some degree, have been subdued by time, had Providence permitted her to return to her native country unstained with a crime to which, although she was an innocent victim, she considers even her forced participation as highly sinful."

"Hold!" exclaimed *Mahomet*: "think not that I want a new monitor to excite my sensibility for her affliction, and my grief for having been, in some measure, the cause of it. If the lovely, the innocent *Zulima*, considers herself in her misfortunes as culpable, in what light must the tyrant appear that was the inflicter? that was deaf to her cries, unmoved by her sorrow, and insensible of that respect which is due to the afflicted. Perish, for ever perish, the vicious and libertine customs of my country!

"Perish! those voluptuous enjoyments and effeminate pursuits which, while they debilitate the body, render the heart callous to the supplications of distress, obdurate to the tears of affliction! May the lovely, the injured *Zulima*, find that peace of mind in the seclusion of a convent which has long been banished from her bosom by her afflictions during her commerce with the world. In the mean time, be it my care to make all the amends in my power to the family in general, and to yourself in particular, for the share I have had in the production of them. Therefore, my friend, since it is your inclination, as, indeed, it is your duty, proceed to the Venetian territories, support the declining age of your parents; my acknowledgments shall follow you thither; and as soon as I return to my own dominions, you shall receive still greater proofs of my estimation of your merit."

Struck with the sentiments of the *Sultan*, the emotion of *Pedro* would not suffer him to articulate his acknowledgments. This silent eloquence had a still greater effect upon *Mahomet* than the most florid accents could have produced.

They continued a few days longer at *Brussels*; and when the hour of separation arrived, took leave of each other with that reluctance, and those effusions of sorrow, which might be supposed to attend the parting of two affectionate brothers.

Although the *Sultan* was in some measure fatigued with the desultory pursuits in which he had been engaged, and had begun seriously to think of

shaping his course toward *Constantinople*, he yet found, upon reflection, some reason to be satisfied with his resolution to travel; as he had, from his different views of men and manners, from his contemplation of different systems of government and religion, derived both amusement and instruction. One circumstance that too frequently occurred in this excursion was disagreeable to him: this was, his being obliged to leave places in which he had formed interesting and agreeable connexions. He, at *Brussels*, very sensibly felt the pain arising from this separation. The nobility in general, and the *Royalists* in particular, being persons among whom a traveller far less observant than himself would have wished to have resided much longer. His desire, however, to draw nearer to his own dominions becoming imperatively urgent, he took leave of his friends; and, lamenting that he had no longer his companion *Pedro*, whose former hilarity had frequently beguiled the way, set out for *Vienna*, where, without meeting any accident on the road, or achieving any adventure worthy to be recorded, he, in due time, arrived.

A place that had so frequently been the emporium of contention, a city that had so often been the centre of *Ottoman warfare*, where the *Cross* and the *Crescent* had opposed each other with such various success, where the sacred standard of Mahomet had waved on the battlements, was an object of peculiar curiosity to the *Sultan*.

The central situation of *Vienna*, the splendor and magnificence of the Imperial court, and the opulence, elegance, and luxury, arising from the sources of immense estates, and the unlimited commerce of the *Danube*, were attractions which drew into the civic vortex travellers from all nations, who mingled together without restraint, and without any apprehension of being remarked for the singularity of their manners, customs, or dress.

This popular commixture was a circumstance which afforded to *Mahomet* great pleasure, as he could observe human nature under various forms, such as had been impressed upon it by climate, country, education, and professional habits, without any risk of discovering his *real character*.

He had here, too, an opportunity of a more regular communication with *Achmet*, a settled correspondence with whom he immediately commenced; and learned from him, that the reformation of every department of the state had, notwithstanding considerable opposition, succeeded even beyond expectation, and had proved so agreeable to the people in general, that their approbation repressed the murmurs of the great, who, awed by the *janizaries*, were obliged to conform to the wholesome laws which were promulgated. He also understood, that during this period of harmony and regularity, the only wish of his grateful subjects was for his return; a wish with which he soon meant to comply.

The flourishing state of his immense empire, and the loyal sentiments of his subjects, were circumstances which afforded to *Mahomet* infinite satisfaction. His heart was at ease, and, consequently, his mind properly adapted to the pursuit of objects of instruction and amusement. In the character and habit of a merchant, he visited every part of the city, and particularly mingled with the commercial class of the community, whom he had, in the course of his travels, frequent occasion to observe, were the most liberal, intelligent, and enlightened of the people: but he did not entirely confine his acquaintance to this fluctuating body: he had letters which he used as an introduction to the higher circles, and which, indeed, he was obliged, on the following occasion, to have recourse to.

That Ottoman symbol the *silver Crescent* had been displayed upon the highest pinnacle of the cathedral church of St. Stephen from the year 1559, the period when the city of *Vienna* was besieged by his ancestor *Soliman*. His thoughts, as he viewed its august spires, very frequently turned upon this memorable event; and as, almost lost in contemplation, he was, one day, walking in its cloisters, he was accosted by a *Monk*, who, with an urbanity for which the religious orders in that city are remarkable, entered at once into conversation with him.

To a man of this description, there could not be a more pleasing subject than that which *Mahomet* adverted to; which was, the expression of the admiration that glowed in his mind from a consideration of the beauties of the magnificent pile under whose roof they were.

He admired the situation, architec-

ture, and embellishments of the fabric, in a manner which shewed that he had viewed all and each with the eyes of a connoisseur; nor was he more sparing of his approbation of the interior magnificence, than he had been of its external effect.

To these observations the *Monk* replied,

"Happy as I am that this edifice, which is as superior to any other in this city, perhaps in Europe, as the Christian religion is to any other system of devotion, has attracted your attention; I observe, at this instant, that your eyes are fixed upon the *Crescent*, which we still display as a proud emblem of our triumph over the Infidels."

"Heavens!" exclaimed *Mahomet*, "I thought its import was diametrically the reverse. I understood, that the exhibition of the *Crescent* indicated the gratitude of the inhabitants of this city to Ottoman generosity, or, rather, to Ottoman piety. The *Sultan Soliman* considered that he was besieging the metropolis of a monarch, who had, with respect to hostility, been the aggressor, and from whom his subjects had received many injuries; and at the same time respecting every symbol of religion, every temple dedicated to the worship of the Supreme Being, he gave the strictest orders that, in their assaults, all churches, convents, and priests, should be spared. 'War,' said he, 'is, in itself, a great offence to Heaven; let us not aggravate its evils, by levelling our cannon against the structures dedicated to religion, and destroying its ministers, so, like the giants of old, scaling to the celestial throne upon the bodies of those devoted to its worship.'"

"You have," returned the *Monk*, "assigned a motive for sparing this cathedral, which, *were it true*, would do very considerable credit to the piety of the *Mussulmans*: but to show you, that, although you have adopted the traditional opinion, you have, like many others, been misinformed, I can assure you, that there are, in this abbey, records which state, that the exhibition of the *Silver Crescent* upon its most elevated spire, was an ingenious stratagem invented by the *Monks*, that had for its object the preservation of their church, because they knew that the *Turks* would not level their artillery against a building sanctified, as they deemed it, by their favourite symbol."

"Were it even so," said *Mahomet*, "you must allow them to have more *piety* and respect for religion than the *Christians*."

"I allow the *Turks* to have more piety than the *Christians!*" exclaimed the *Monk*. "Heavens! what a perversion of my ideas! Sure I have been talking with an infidel, or, perhaps, a spy in the pay of the *Grand Seignior*."

"So far am I," returned *Mahomet*, "from being either of the objects of your suggestion, that I aver to you, there is not a more sincere respecter of religion than myself, nor, as a traveller, a better subject to that government under which I make a temporary residence."

"This remains to be proved," sternly exclaimed the *Monk*, as he stalked away.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MELANGE.

No. XXVI.

MRS. CIBBER.

THIS celebrated *tragic* actress, in the course of performing one of her principal characters, one evening, so enchanted an elderly clergyman, who was little in the habit of frequenting theatres, that, after he had sat a considerable time wrapt in silent admiration of her melodious voice and appropriate action, at length, as the interest of the *drama* increased, and, of course, the exertions of the character (which, we think, was *Belvidera*) became more various, more rapid, more mournful, and, consequently, more impressive, her reverend admirer, who was all *eyes* and *ears*, unable any longer to contain his exquisite sensations of sorrow and applause, arose from his seat, and, in the midst of a silent and tearful audience, exclaimed, with emphasis,

"Woman! Woman! thy sins are forgiven thee!" *

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* Although we had but a faint recollection of *Mrs. Cibber* as an actress, yet when we read *Cumberland's* life, however strange it may seem, it brought her astonishing powers more strongly to our memory. It then most forcibly struck us, that her effect, indeed, we may say, her *electric* effect, upon the audience, was, in a very considerable degree, like that ascribed by Mr. C. to *Tiranna*, the heroine of the Spanish stage.

NEXT DOOR.

Soon after the northern extension of the metropolis, by the erection of the new buildings had taken place, many streets became as celebrated for the *beauty* and *good-nature* of their female inhabitants, as those of that admirable appendage to the *see of Winchester, the Bank-side, Southwark*, were in ancient, or *Covent-garden* in more modern times. In one of those streets where the houses were built in a superior style, and the inhabitants, generally speaking, more respectable, one was taken by a Mrs. S. THE LADY ABBESS, as she was then called, who had under her tuition several young ladies of that description which our rude ancestors called *Winchester geese*, who were in the last century termed girls of the town, and whom we more politely designate *impures*. These ladies, it has been said, were, frequently, visited by *grave* gentlemen, whom they honoured with the epithets of *guardians* and *protectors*. But be this as it may, it so happened, that the house NEXT DOOR was inhabited by a *young gentleman*, either a barrister, or *then* a candidate for the honours of the bar: but whether he kept the house, or was only a lodger, though we think that the latter is the fact, history has, with regard to absolute verity, left us in the dark: however, he, it seemed, had no aversion to the gallantries of those times.

This youth, who was, we believe, a greater admirer of *Ovid* than either of *Bracton* or *Fortescue*, was, one morning, visited by a friend of more experience than himself; and, as the establishment of the *Lady Abbess* was *pretty well* known, this monitor lamented that he should fix his residence next door to a *disorderly house*.

"To a person of my disposition," exclaimed the young gentleman, "it is the *most agreeable* thing in the world."

"Is it?" said the friend: "be it so! but, as accidents sometimes happen, let me give you a hint."

"What hint?" cried the youth.

"Oh, one that you have frequently conned at school, '*Proximus ardet Ucalegon.*'"

Her expressive countenance and elegant form, and, more than all, her enthusiastic flights of genius, which frequently astonished, and sometimes *terrified*, her auditors, were also like those which the author whom we have mentioned has in such glowing language described. The figure of *Mrs. Cibber* preserved its symmetry; her face its *Grecian* contour; her voice its *ear-piercing* shrillness, when mental emotions elicited the accents of *distraction*, and its delightful, its *soul-enchanting* harmony, when attuned to the softer sensations of *love*, or the effusions of *gentle lamentation*. Her eyes retained their brilliancy and fire; her countenance its animation, as long as she continued on the stage: but although her *tragic* (her *natural*) powers exhibited their *pristine vigour* to the close of her *dramatic life*, it was not so with her comic (her *artificial*) acquirements. We saw her for the *last time* play *Lady Brute*, a character in the representation of which she is said "never to have been supereminent," in a manner which did not exhibit the smallest trait of vivacity: indeed, the scenes betwixt *Constant* and her dragged so insufferably, that it was impossible for *Heartfree* and *Belinda* to animate them: in fact, we could have exclaimed,

"When *Havard* languid *Cibber* courts,
The audience almost weep;
Cupid with them *no longer sports*;
Both seem inclin'd *to sleep*.
With *Brute* the husband we agree,
That this *crim. con*, is sad *cold tea*."

AARON HILL, ESQ. AT A REHEARSAL.

SOLEMN and *slow* across the stage he walk'd;
He bow'd to ev'ry one, to many talk'd.

The poetical history of this country does not display a character more amiable than that of the late *Aaron Hill*: gentle, mild, obliging, patriotic, and liberal, even his foibles leaned to the sides of virtue and benignity, and were, in fact, an excess of the most estimable qualities that can adorn the human mind. It has been said, that, as he was warm in his friendships, he was also vindictive in his resentments: but of this no instance has been produced, except that of the disagreement betwixt him and *Pope*; respecting which, the latter threw *the first stone*, and *Hill*, in return, showered a flight of *satyric* arrows (*keen*, though *unbarbed*), which pierced the mind, though they did not rankle in the heart of

"Tuneful *Alexis* by the *Thames* fair side;"

and eventually silenced

"The ladies *play-thing*, and the *Muses pride*."

That Hill had some *characteristic* peculiarities is unquestionable; but they were also the peculiarities of the age in which he lived. He was, in his manner, what might be termed a *courtier* of the

old school; slow, solemn, verbose, and complimentary. We have seen him imitated by a most excellent *comic actress*; from whose action we observed, that he had the habit of pulling his wig forward, stalking across the stage with most profound gravity, and taking his pinch of snuff, which he always did as a prelude to an observation, with a rather extravagant flourish. He was esteemed a most consummate judge of dramatic arrangement, stage effect, and all the scenic plot and preparation necessary to bring forward a piece with elegance and propriety: but at the rehearsal of *Merope*, for instance, he was, by his directions, arrangements, and alterations, considered, by the performers, as extremely troublesome.

In the preparation for the representation of this piece, the actress who played the second character had been so documented by him, that she *pouted*; of course, the progress of the dialogue was for a few minutes suspended. In consequence of this oral *hiatus*, *Mr. Hill*, stalking over to *Garrick*, taking a pinch of snuff with an extra flourish, and giving a passionate pull to his wig, said, "*Mr. Garrick*, can that girl speak?"

"Speak!" returned *Garrick*, with a look of arch astonishment, which he well knew how to assume—"Speak!" he repeated; "try her! though, *entre nous*, you had better let her alone."

"Why?" said *Hill*.

"Because," continued *Garrick*, "I see by her eyes, that if you urge her much further, you'll soon be convinced she can *speak* to some purpose."

INGRATITUDE;

OR,

THE ADULTERESS.

A TRAGIC DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

Taken from the Play of Thomas Heywood, *intitled*, "*A Woman killed with Kindness.*"

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Act III. Scene I.

The Manor-House.

A vista, at the termination of which is seen a building in the Gothic style. Gabled roof, a turret, and cornice-topped chimneys; bay windows; a large wooden porch formed of rude columns, with seats betwixt them. The mansion, which is white, is partly shaded with vines, and the back-ground is formed by an acclivity of trees.

Enter Cranwell *and* Maltby.

Maltby.

THE appearance of *Sir Charles* at the manor-gate was unlucky.

Cranwell. I believe his lordship will think it so, inasmuch as it impeded him in his ardent desire to arrive at the castle.

Maltby. Where I have no doubt but *Lady Frankford* most anxiously expects him.

Cranwell. In this you are mistaken.

Maltby. I rather think her *ladyship* will be mistaken; for if the conference of my *Lord* and *Sir Charles* is of any long duration, adieu to the expected meeting for this evening.

Cranwell. How ready are the ideas of some men to spread a visionary canvass, to depict upon it mental forms, and paint them with the colours of fancy.

Maltby. I confess I do not understand you.

Cranwell. Perhaps I did not intend that you should. However, to explain: *Lady Frankford* can suffer nothing from anxiety, for she does not expect the return of his *lordship* these two days.

Maltby. No! I have read that a lover always runs before the clock, and know that a husband sometimes halts after it.

Cranwell. Then be still further informed, that the characters both of lover and husband concentrate in *Lord Frankford*: it was but this day that he said he anticipated the happiness—the joy of their meeting—he meant to surprise his *lady* by his unexpected appearance—and declared, that every hour his passion for her increased.

Maltby. Then this has been the reason of the speed with which we have, since morning, performed an unreasonable journey: the servants were all distanced—I lagged behind—and, when we stopped for refreshment, told him, that if he had no mercy upon his horse, I was bound to take care of mine, because it was a present.

Cranwell. What did he say to this?

Maltby. That he would present me with a better.

Cranwell. So he will.

Maltby. Aye! but still I must take care of *Miss Crop*.

Sings.

When raging winds blow,
And from rocks drifts the snow,
No storms e'er compel her to stop;
O'er roads rugged and deep,
Or up mountains so steep,
No beast so sure-footed as CROP.
No beast so sure-footed as CROP.

When she follows the hounds
To the horn's cheerful sounds,
She'll fly till she's ready to drop;
Yet still she finds breath
To be in at the death;
There the foremost of steeds is MISS CROP.
There the foremost of steeds is MISS CROP.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An Apartment in the Manor-house.

Enter LORD FRANKFORD *and* SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD.

Lord Frankford. Had you not met me, I should long ere this
Have seen kind *Wendoll*, and embrac'd my wife.

Sir Charles. Scorpions both!
A bosom-scorpion is my once-lov'd sister.

Lord Frankford. Then you, alas! believe this idle tale———

Sir Charles. Believe it!

Lord Frankford. Told by my knavish servants.

Sir Charles. And confirm'd by *Laura.*

Lord Frankford. A drab!

Sir Charles. Of gentle manners, and superior talents:
Her father, long the chaplain to your house,
Instructed you. She loves *her lady!*

Lord Frankford. But detests my friend!——
How *Wendoll* has offended her I know not:
But I have mark'd her looks, which scowl'd disdain,
Even in the hour when most we favour'd him.

Sir Charles. The other servants—

Lord Frankford. Villains!

Sir Charles. Villains!

Lord Frankford. Aye, villains! they've plotted to destroy that good man's peace—
My own—my wife's!—
To sow dissention in the haunts of bliss.
I'd not believe the tale, tho' told by angels!

Sir Charles. I've done, my *lord!* You think me in the league,
And most unjustly deem me a conspirator
Against your peace and honour. Heaven and earth!
I love my sister: her fair fame I prize
More than my life. I hold your *lordship* dear;
And once was thought to have some sparks of honour
Within my breast: yet these you set at naught,
In favour of the basest of mankind.

Lord Frankford. Who?

Sir Charles. WENDOLL!—WENDOLL, I say, has oft dishonour'd you.
I know him well—a pliant, smooth-tongued villain!—
Am I to be believ'd?—Aye, start, my lord!—
But still you know my life, my character, my heart.
What, therefore, should one moment make you doubt
My honour—or my truth?

Lord Frankford. My *Anna's* virtue!

Sir Charles. White as the fleecy snow was late my sister:
But she has fallen by insidious arts;
Arts which I warn'd her of.

Lord Frankford. Arts!

Sir Charles. No! believe me not; go home; caress your wife;
Receive with smiles the traitor that has wrong'd you
Even in the tenderest point.—I know him well,
And he shall render me a strict account.

Lord Frankford. If I could doubt his truth——

Sir Charles. His truth! he's all a lie! The arch deceiver
Is but a type of him—He's soil'd your honour—
Seduc'd your wife—my lov'd, my lovely sister.
I'll prove it on him.

Lord Frankford. Prove it first to me.

Sir Charles. I will!

Lord Frankford. How?

Sir Charles. By your servants!

Lord Frankford. Combin'd against the man their master favour'd.

Sir Charles. I'll pledge my honour on their truth.
Nay, in a cooler moment so would you.
(*Rings.*)

Enter a SERVANT.

Does *Nicholas* attend?

Servant. He does, sir!

Sir Charles. Order him in!

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Lord Frankford. So you, whom I have foster'd from an infant,
Have turn'd at last a make-bate and a knave,
And arm'd your tongue against your master's peace.

Nicholas. I never was a make-bate, or a knave.
Your peace, my *lord!* I prize as my existence;
But still for peace I cannot concede duty:
I love your *lordship* more than does your *lady*.

Lord Frankford. You are a villain!
I'll drive you, with your base comparisons,
Forth from my castle!

Nicholas. Do! Do! my *lord!*
There is not room for *Wendoll* and for me
Beneath yon ancient roof, so fam'd for honour.
Oh! my good *lord!* that *Wendoll* is a villain.

Lord Frankford. Slave! (*attempting to draw his sword, is held by* SIR CHARLES.)

Sir Charles. Restrain your rage, my *lord!*

Nicholas. My life is nothing—Strike, but hear me;
And, while my blood flows from me, I'll disclose
That villain's deeds!

Lord Frankford. Whose deeds?

Nicholas. *Wendoll's!* I am, my *lord!* no fool.
I know a villain when I see him act
Deeds of a villain—Innocence is bold—
I'd tell him to his teeth the horrid tale.
Pardon, my noble master! pardon my emotion!
But believe me—I'll sign my accusation with my blood.

Lord Frankford. What accusation?

Nicholas. That the treacherous *Wendoll*
Enjoys my *lady*, and dishonours you.

Sir Charles. You must, my *lord!* believe him!
Such strong sensations sure can ne'er be false!

Lord Frankford. No! I fear, howe'er reluctant to believe,
That they're too true. Oh Heaven!
(*Leans on* SIR CHARLES.)

Sir Charles. I fear they are.

Lord Frankford. Oh, *Nicholas!* thy zeal
Hath kill'd me with a weapon, whose sharp point
Hath pierc'd quite thro' and thro' my shiv'ring heart.
Cold drops of sweat hang dangling on my hairs,
Like morning dew upon the golden flowers.
Oh! I am plung'd in woe and agony!
What, did you say dishonour? Obvious! public!
If you have utter'd any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief
As murd'rers into heaven.

Nicholas. My *lord!* I knew
'Twas but a thankless office I encounter'd:
But still my strong attachment urg'd me on,
And dangers shrunk before it.

Lord Frankford (*to Sir Charles*). 'Tis probable—tho' blunt in speech, he's honest.
Yet may this be true? O may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nicholas. My eyes, my *lord!* my eyes!

Sir Charles. *Laura* and *Jenkin* both confirm this man.

Lord Frankford. No more! let him retire. [*Exit* NICHOLAS.

Sir Charles. My *lord!* what think you now?

Lord Frankford. Think! that she is well born; descended nobly;
Virtuous her education; her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
The theme of praise. How has she seem'd
In all her actions that concern her love
To me, her husband, modest, chaste, and pure?
Is all this seeming gold the basest copper?
While he, the *Judas* that hath borne my purse,
Hath sold me for a sin. Oh, Heaven! Heaven!
Shall I forgive these wrongs? No!
As I'm a man I will not.

Sir Charles. Right! but how avenge them?

Lord Frankford. I first must be assur'd: my full belief
Cannot depend upon a servant's tale, howe'er confirm'd.

Sir Charles. You are not yet expected at the castle?

Lord Frankford. I am not: my eager love anticipated time,

And space receded from my courser's heels.
I hop'd in bliss to meet my lovely *Anna*.
Ah! what a meeting will the next appear!
However, I will steal upon them sleeping.

Sir Charles. How will you gain admission?

Lord Frankford. This key unlocks the postern: this my chamber.

Sir Charles. The purple mists arise from yonder moor:
Let us to horse; shrouded in darkness, we may safely enter.

Lord Frankford. This is the night when I must play my part
To try two seeming angels.—Oh, my heart! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The view of the Grove by moonlight: the stage appears in a demi-tent: the Cottage and trees at a distance thrown into shade, occasionally illuminated by bright reflexes.

Enter Sophia *and* Susan.

Sophia (sings).

Ye wood-nymphs chaste record my woe,
While thro' your foliage *Cynthia's* beams
Display my tears, that ceaseless flow,
Like murm'ring riv'lets trickling streams.
Ah! how yon *nightingale* I prize,
While list'ning to her plaintive cries!
Ah! how, &c.

Oh! mem'ry, bane of human bliss,
May night in *Lethe* steep
Thy pangs, which prove I've done amiss,
And banish healthful sleep.
But ah! consign'd to deep despair,
Retirement still increases care!
But ah! &c.

Susan. Care still increases even where comfort gleams.
The *Doctor* spoke the words of consolation.

Sophia. He did, dear *Susan!* and correction too.
He chid me 'cause I left my father's house;
Display'd those evils which too well I know,
Too keenly feel, by their most sad effects:
Then pour'd the balm of pity in my wounds;
Said, he'd most anxiously repress my sorrow,
And try to reconcile me to my parent.

Susan. May Heaven second his benignant efforts!
I still have hope that *Morven* will appear,
And claim you as his wife.

Sophia. Never! Never!
Wretch as he is, I think he would not dare
To urge a claim felonious!

Susan. Felonious!

Sophia. He is already married!

Susan. Heavens above! how knew you this?

Sophia. When he basely left me,
My reason also fled before my grief.
But since I have been here, your kind attention;
The doctor's aid; the calm that here prevails;
Gave me the power to inspect a casket
That *Morven* left, most certain in his haste;
And there I found this letter from his wife,
Who seems in deep distress, implores his aid,
And censures him for cruelty, by name,
But not the name he has assum'd to me.

Susan. Is there a blacker? Oh, the horrid villain!
Perhaps an outcast is his virtuous wife!
He may have children too!

Sophia. Indeed he has:
Pining with want, the mother, and her infants,
In humble terms, terms flowing from affliction,
Implore his charity.

Susan. Oh! grant me temper, Heaven!—Can a wretch
Like him exist? Sure, sure a thunderbolt
Will strike him dead.

Sophia. He lives! perhaps he triumphs, while his wife
And children starve.

Susan. And must they starve?

Sophia. No!—His *lordship* sent me gold:
Transmit to them sufficient to relieve
Their present wants.

Susan. His lordship is an angel

Sophia. So he appear'd to me.
My guardian angel noble *Frankford* seem'd:
He sought me at the cottage; heard my tale:
He knows my father well, and means to see him.
He promis'd, when he homeward should return,
To take me with him, and surprise his *lady*.

Susan. Know you the good, the virtuous *Lady Frankford?*

Sophia. A school acquaintance, which long since has ceas'd.

Susan. She will revive it when she hears your story:
She'll judge you as a saint would sit in judgment
Upon the failings of mortality.
She'll soothe your sorrow; to your poignant grief
Afford at once both pity and relief.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The exterior view of the back front of Frankford Castle. The moon is clouded, but affording sufficient light to discern the battlements and the postern gate; while the deepest shade obscures the surrounding trees. Faint gleams of light issue from one of the windows on the principal story.

Enter Lord Frankford, Sir Charles Mountford, Nicholas, *and* Jenkin.

Lord Frankford. Soft *Jenkin!* tie our horses to yon tree,
Close to the parkway-stile. Heard'st thou no noise.

Sir Charles. I heard the boding raven croak revenge;
The owls, descending from the ancient barn,
Shriek'd to each other in discordant notes,
Hoarse as the murmurs of the wintry wind.
The distant thunder roar'd; blue lightning flash'd;
And vapours, hanging o'er the stagnate pool,
Appear'd like fiery gleams.

Lord Frankford. Deceptive as the light that yonder issues.

Sir Charles. That chamber fronts the north: 'tis surely yours.

Lord Frankford. Tis *Lady Frankford's:* once my scene of bliss,
But now of woe—Yet sure it cannot be!
—Can I approach it?

Sir Charles. Honour demands you should give me the key.

Lord Frankford. Here, *Nicholas!* unlock the postern gate.
[Nicholas *unlocks the gate;* Lord Frankford *approaches, but recedes.*

Sir Charles. Brother! the time demands a firmer conduct.
I'll enter with you.

Nicholas. I'll guard the passage.

Lord Frankford. Reluctant I perform this dreadful task.
[*Exeunt into the Castle* Lord Frankford, Sir Charles, *and* Nicholas.

Manet Jenkin.

Jenkin. I have two things to take care of, my horses, and myself—nay, I have three, for I have to take care of my *quondam* master. If he lights on me, he'll fall into good hands, I can tell him that; they say he's desperate. I know him to be a villain—put these two words together, they make a desperate villain—*good*—no—*bad*—execrably *bad*—I know him to be so—the world will one day know it, now I am also desperate—good!—a desperate honest fellow—the world, that is our town, knows this already—Why then should I shrink from meeting him?—Let him come this way, I say; and although I should neglect my horses, I'll be sure to take care of him. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The interior of the Castle. A Gallery; on each side of which are doors, that seem to lead to different Apartments.

Enter Lord Frankford, *with a dark lanthorn in his hand, followed by* Sir Charles.

Lord Frankford. The midnight burglar steals thus to his prey.
I now appear a felon in my castle.
We've pass'd the stairs descending to the hall.

Sir Charles. I posted *Nicholas* on their descent.

Lord Frankford. That is the drawing room; the state bed-chamber
Lies to the left: but this the treacherous door
That's pander to my shame:
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallow'd order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity has been profan'd.

Sir Charles. Let us revenge! Assail them with your sword;
Mine is already drawn. [*Draws his sword.*

Lord Frankford. Return it to its scabbard.

Sir Charles. I'll enter with you.

Lord Frankford. No! I'll make this awful trial by myself.
Silence and sleep pervade this dreadful dome,
And this is the last door. Astonishment
Combin'd with fear assail my beating heart.
Oh! keep my eyes, good Heaven! from any sight
That may transfix my soul.
Or if there is so dire a spectacle,
Avert my eye-balls, turn them into darkness;

Or grant me patience to endure my grief,
That I may keep these hands unting'd with blood.
[*He unlocks the door, and enters the chamber.*

Sir Charles. My sister fallen by insidious arts!
My honour stain'd, the honour of our house!
Let *Wendoll* come but once within my grasp,
And if I moralize, when I should act——
How now!—Is all confirm'd?

Re-enter LORD FRANKFORD.

Lord Frankford. Oh! Oh!

Sir Charles. I see it is! Brother! unhappy brother!

Lord Frankford. Indeed unhappy! I have found them lying
Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
And send them, laden with their scarlet sins,
Unto a fearful judgment, both their lives
Had met this rapier's point.

Sir Charles. Sleeping—What, can guilt repose like innocence?
I'll wake them with a vengeance!
[*Attempting to enter the chamber, he is held by* LORD FRANKFORD.

Lord Frankford. Stay, *Charles*, I conjure—I command you, stay!
Here let us pause a while.

Sir Charles. Pause! When dishonour sits upon your brow,
And *Wendoll* revels in your dearest rights,
Can vengeance be too swift?

Lord Frankford. For justice, sure it may, tho' not for guilt.
Oh, Heaven! my friend, that it were possible
To call back yesterday, reverse the sun;
That time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell those days, and to redeem those hours,
That erst have danc'd around our blissful course;
Then might I take her still,
As spotless as an angel, to my arms.
But ah! I dream of things impossible,
And soar beyond the moon.

Sir Charles. Beyond the moon—Methinks you dream indeed!
Revenge, the active passion of the soul,
Inspire your heart. (*Noise within.*) Ha! what noise was that?
This moment is the crisis of your fate,
Indeed of theirs—I'll enter by myself!

Lord Frankford. Have with you, *Charles*.
[*Exeunt* LORD FRANKFORD *and* SIR CHARLES *into the apartment. A violent shriek is heard from the chamber.*

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nicholas. Vengeance is now at work: and treach'rous *Wendoll*,
I hope, will pay the forfeit of his crimes.
[*Another violent and convulsive shriek.*
Heaven shield my *lady*! faulty as she is,
My sword should be oppos'd to save her life
Against her brother; aye, or even her husband.
[*A violent noise within; shrieking, and clashing of swords.*

Enter WENDOLL *in a night-gown, with a drawn sword in his hand—pursued by* SIR CHARLES *with his sword drawn.* LORD FRANKFORD *follows: he also attacks* WENDOLL. LAURA *bursts from another chamber, and crosses the stage.* WENDOLL *escapes, pursued by* SIR CHARLES *and* NICHOLAS.

Lord Frankford. I thank thee, *Laura*! thy unconscious entrance
Has stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.
Charles! let the villain live!
[*Speaking at the side.*
And may my horrid wrongs sit on his soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine!
Attend your *lady*, *Laura*.

Laura. My lord, my *lady's* here.

Lord Frankford. Here! dare she appear before me?

Laura. My *lord*, distraction urges her approach.

Enter LADY FRANKFORD, *in her night attire.*

Lady Frankford (kneeling). Oh! by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon, Oh!
I am as far from hoping such dear grace
As *Lucifer*, who fell, like me, from heaven.
To call you husband now, would be presumption:
I am no more your wife.

Laura. My *lord*! she faints.

Lady Frankford. Death will not come when wish'd!

Lord Frankford. Oh! horrid monster! wretch! abandon'd wretch!

But spare thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
Nay, spare thy blushes, for I blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, I am most tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the dazzling brilliance of the sun.
What would'st thou? Speak!

Lady Frankford. Would I may have no tongue, no eyes, no ears,
No apprehension, no capacity,
When you shall spurn me from you, when tread on me,
When you shall twist your fingers in my hair,
And drag me, bleeding, o'er the marble floor!
Yet, tho' I do deserve a thousand fold
More than you can inflict, or I support;
Still, noble *Frankford!* for my mother's sake,
To whom I am a shame; for womanhood,
Which I, alas! disgrace,
Tho' once esteem'd my sex's ornament,
Let me go undeform'd unto my grave.

Lord Frankford. Good Heaven! with patience arm me—
Rise, nay rise!
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,
Thy fancy could suggest?

Lady Frankford. I was!

Lord Frankford. What, then, could urge you to betray your husband?

Lady Frankford. Insidious arts, revenge, and jealousy.

Lord Frankford. Jealousy!

Lady Frankford. Conceal'd from me,
It seem'd, a cottage beauty sooth'd your hours,
When you declin'd the solace of your wife.

Lord Frankford. Heaven and earth! a cottage beauty!
Can I have been suspected?—*Laura* knows
I meant to bring her to you.

Laura. I do, indeed, my *lord*—Your goodness, too,
I learn'd from *Nurse*—I also know, the stranger
Is wretched, hopeless, hapless, and forlorn;
The prey, the sport of some base villain's lust,
Driven from her home, abandon'd by her friends,
And now existing by your well-tim'd bounty.

Lady Frankford. Angels above, and holy men on earth,
Protect and save me from my husband's rage!
Have I, then, been deceiv'd?

Lord Frankford. Perhaps you have: no rage expect from me.
I will not stain my sword with the blood
Of one so lately dear; but Anna! Anna!
Your passions must have aided the deception.
Did I not lodge thy image in my bosom?
Did I not hold thee dearer than my life?

Lady Frankford. You did!

Lord Frankford. I did indeed! Witness my tears, I did——
My infants bring—my only comforts now.

[Laura *goes to the side, and returns with the children.* Lord Frankford *takes them from her, and presents them to the Lady.*

Here, *Anna!* look on these, two lovely blossoms,
Whose op'ning buds are by their mother blighted,
Whose leaves are canker'd by their mother's lust
—Ah! touch them not—embrace them not—
Thy very breath's infectious——
Laura, assist to tear them from her arms.

Laura. My lord, for pity!

Lord Frankford. Pity on a strumpet! a matron strumpet!
Abandon'd *Anna!*——
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my affection,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd an act;
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows indented, as their years increase,
You might have stop'd in your lascivious course;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them: this is the last look, *Anna*,
Shall pass betwixt you and these innocents;

For, from this hour you ne'er shall see them more.

Lady Frankford. Then in this hour I die a thousand deaths.

Lord Frankford. No, I'll not kill, nor mark thee for a strumpet:
But we must part for ever—Hear me, *Anna!*
Woman, I say, attend—we part for ever.
Retire to my manor—ten miles off:
There live; 'tis thine; I freely give it thee:
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Lady Frankford. Too mild a sentence!

Lord Frankford. But, as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me, or to meet me, or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me by myself, or by my friends.
So farewell, *Anna!* here we part for ever.

Lady Frankford. How full my heart is, by my eyes appears:
Words I have none; my soul's dissolv'd in tears.

[*Exit* LADY FRANKFORD, *leaning upon* LAURA.

Lord Frankford. Thus finishes, alas! my nuptial course.
My children, too, will never know their mother:
Or, if her crimes should fill the trump of fame,
They'll taint their honour, as they brand their name. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

The front View of Frankford Castle.

Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN.

Sir Charles. The villain knew the passage thro' the stables,
And 'scap'd that way.

Nicholas. While I secur'd the entrance of the hall.

Jenkin. And I attended the horses. However, had I deem'd my assistance necessary, they should have taken care of each other for me.

Nicholas. The *devil* must have assisted him.

Sir Charles. He has assisted him in all his acts.

Jenkin. Yes! but I think he will give him the slip at last. When a man enters into a compact with *Satan*, though the concern may flourish for a time, he generally finds, in the long run, that his partner is *too deep* for him.

Sir Charles. The fiend has done his work—
The ruin's certain—*Anna* has fallen—
Yet the villain lives—nay triumphs.

Nicholas. His triumph may be short —within those woods,
That climb yon rugged mountain's steep ascent,
Perhaps he lurks.

Sir Charles. I'll seek him there!
Get me a guide that can pervade those haunts.

Jenkin. You have two here; *Nicholas* and I know every part of them: we have hunted in the day, and scrambled in the night, over those rocks, and thro' their bushes and briars.

Nicholas. But, lest you should doubt our knowledge, here comes one, in whose skill in tracking beasts of prey to their dens, as well as whose honesty, you may place the firmest confidence.

Enter FARMER RYE.

Farmer Rye. Oh, *Sir Charles!* I am glad I have found ye, and *Nicho*[illegible] *Jenkin.* What's the matter at the castle it is impossible for me to say: the servants be all dumb, or astounded: however, I have got the things, and sent them by my man——

Sir Charles. What man? What things?

Farmer Rye. Why the clothes belonging to the fine gentleman, who run a race, as he said, in his night-gown—by way of a frolic.

Nicholas. A frolic!

Farmer Rye. Yes! and an odd frolic it was, I do think: but gentlefolks are not like other people.

Sir Charles. Not always.

Farmer Rye. However, I found the clothes——

Sir Charles. Where?

Farmer Rye. Why, *Roger* fetched 'um from his room: he said he lov'd a frolic as well as Master *Wendoll.*

Sir Charles. Good heaven! Where is he now?

Farmer Rye. What, *Roger?*

Sir Charles. No! *Wendoll!* blockhead!

Farmer Rye. O, he's at my farm, if he be not gone.

Sir Charles. Let us pursue him—take you different ways—
He shall not yet escape me.

[*Exit* SIR CHARLES.

Nicholas. The eagerness of the baronet is like to overshoot its mark—
Fair and softly——

Jenkin. Is, I know, one of your old

sayings; but, on occasions like this, it is not *fair* to proceed *softly:* therefore, let us use our utmost exertions.

Farmer Rye. What, are you concern'd in this frolic?

Nicholas. We are deeply concerned at it.

[*Exeunt* Nicholas *and* Jenkin.

Farmer Rye. Some wager which *Sir Charles* has lost: perhaps his *lordship* may have been a sufferer too. *Wendoll's* a shrewd one, plays a deep game —Did not use to come to my farm for nothing—I'm glad I sent our *Mary* away——

When men vow and protest,
Tho' they seem but in jest,
They frequently light up a flame
In the breast of a virgin,
Who wants little urging,
To hazard a desperate game.
In the breast of a virgin, &c.

If they flatter her beauty,
She thinks it her duty
All passionate flights to disclaim;
But still, high-flown praises
Prudent maxims erases,
And she hazards a desperate game.
But still, high-flown praises, &c.

[*Exit.*

Scene VII.

A dreary and desolate part of the country: rocks appear on the fore-ground, and trees in a variety of picturesque directions scattered among them: the back ground exhibits mountains and moors.

Enter Wendoll.

Wendoll. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,
I fly from my own shadow. Oh, my stars!
When I but think of noble *Frankford's* love,
And lay to it my treason, to compare
My injuring him, for his relieving me,
It strikes such terror as the lightning's flash
To scorch my blood up. Therefore, like the owl,
Asham'd of day, I haunt these woods and caverns,
Afraid of every leaf and murm'ring blast,
And more afraid of keen pursuit and death;
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
What horrid fate awaits the lovely *Anna*,
How *Frankford* bears his shame—
I'll instant brave all danger, and return;
Tho', like a felon, I must skulk aloof,
And doubly damn'd—by conscience and the world—
With cautious steps avoid all honest men.

[*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

The Green before the Cottage.

Enter Sophia *and* Susan, *meeting* Dr. Lenitive.

Dr. Lenitive. When the patient meets her physician, the *sign*, or, as I ought to say, the *symptom*, is good.

Sophia. How good?

Dr. Lenitive. Because it is a *sign*, that the physician may retire, and leave his rival *nature*, who, by the-bye, ought to have more *practice* than she has, to operate for herself.

Sophia. Your *art*, kind doctor, is combin'd with *nature*.
You anxious watch'd the *crisis* of my sorrow,
And sooth'd the raging passions of my soul.

Dr. Lenitive. No flattery, *lady*—If you proceed to talk of *crisis* already, I shall soon have you as *wise* as myself.

Susan. Nay, doctor, you have frequently told her, that she must be her own *physician*; and I am of opinion——

Dr. Lenitive. *Opinion!* What, have I another practitioner started up? If you pretend to give *opinions*, I must get you a *diploma*. Indeed, in this case I have resigned mine—I here appear only as a friend.

Sophia. A friend indeed! the friend to my existence.

Dr. Lenitive. If by *existence* you mean happiness,
Your future *existence* is, I hope, secur'd:
I've seen your father.

Sophia. Seen my father! Heavens! Why did you not
Pour the interesting subject in my ears.

Dr. Lenitive. Ah! just now you spoke like a *physician:* you now talk like an *apothecary*. It is my practice, young lady, to administer my medicines in *small doses* at first, to see how my patients' constitutions will bear them.

Sophia. I have borne much; but from my honour'd father
I can bear any thing—Does he forgive me?
Will he once more receive his vagrant daughter?

Dr. Lenitive. He does! he will!—though when men, at a certain time of life, have taken up an opinion, they do

not easily abandon it; yet I have talked to him—and he relents—his house is open to you.

Sophia. Heaven's blessings on him!
And you, my kind, my zealous, gen'rous friend. [*Taking his hand.*

Susan. Preserver of my mistress! thus I thank you. [*Kneeling.*

Dr. Lenitive. Hey-day! this is too much—I cannot manage you *both* at once.—*Sophia*—you have been deceived—abandon'd by a villain—but return!—return, I say, to your father's house return to virtue, and to peace—and all will be forgiven—*Susan*, your love to your mistress is above all praise:—these spontaneous effusions of gratitude and fidelity are too much for me—I am a child again—Why do I seek occasions to add to the keenness of my own sensations.

Sophia. My preserver! friend!

Susan. Our guardian angel!

Dr. Lenitive. Again! hear me! (*trampling without.*) Ah! this interruption is a relief.

Enter Cranwell.

Cranwell. Help! help!

Dr. Lenitive. What help's requir'd?

Cranwell. The *Lady Frankford*'s fainted in her carriage.

Dr. Lenitive. Heat and fatigue, I guess—However, she could not have fainted in a place where assistance could have been more speedily obtained; for here's the doctor ready, and the nurse is at hand.

[*Exeunt, with* Cranwell.

Sophia. My *Lady Frankford* ill! I'll fly to help her.

Susan. She must be brought this way: the only dwelling
Betwixt the castle and this lonely spot
Is yonder cottage.

Sophia. True! and see she comes.

Enter Lady Frankford, *supported by* Laura *and* Sisley. Dr. Lenitive, Cranwell, Maltby, *attending.*

Dr. Lenitive. Repose is, in the situation of your ladyship, absolutely necessary.

Lady Frankford. Repose! Where shall I find it? In the grave!

Sophia. Dear lady!—let me soothe your present grief,
Howe'er it may arise.
A child of sorrow! I myself have learn'd,
In dire affliction's school,
To bear my woes, and minister to others.

Lady Frankford. Ah! who are you?

Sophia. At present I reside in yonder cottage.

Lady Frankford. Know you *Lord Frankford?*

Sophia. His bounty once reliev'd my keen distress;
He call'd to hear my story; and he promis'd
To see my father, and return again.

Lady Frankford. And has he?

Sophia. Never!

Susan. He meant to urge you, lady, in behalf
Of my afflicted mistress.

Lady Frankford. Good heaven!—Why did he not? This was one cause
Of my distress—The cottage beauty—
How was I deceiv'd.

Dr. Lenitive. When his lordship proceeded on his late journey, he passed my house, and requested me to see this lovely patient. I called at the castle to inform you, but you were then abroad with *Wendoll.*

Lady Frankford. With *Wendoll!* Heaven and earth!

Sophia. With Wendoll!

Susan. My lady will relapse!

Dr. Lenitive. What means this agitation?

Lady Frankford. Something dreadful,
And of a tissue with these dreadful times;
Tho' I have little comfort to bestow,
I'll freely own that I have been deceiv'd.

Sophia. But not by me.

Lady Frankford. No! Well I am aware
Deception lurks not in the lovely form
Of *Sophia Jerningham.*

Sophia. You know me, then?

Lady Frankford. Would I had known you sooner!
Well I remember all those happy hours
We pass'd at school.

Sophia. Those I remember also;
And oft have bless'd those still more happy years
Your union with *Lord Frankford* has produc'd.

Lady Frankford. Ah! speak not of them! they've receded from me.
I've blotted from the book of life my name.

Susan. Your ladyship has oft preserv'd the lives of many.
You sav'd my mistress fainting at the door
Of her stern father.

Sophia. Were you the angel that reliev'd my woe,
Oh, lovely *Anna!* let me use that name,
To soothe your sorrows, as in former days.

Dr. Lenitive. I care not what names you use, but this conversation must not proceed. I have, from these gentlemen, learned the nature of the case, and must insist upon your availing yourselves of that retirement and repose which the cottage affords, till her ladyship can be removed to the manor-house.

Lady Frankford. Repose I'll gladly seek! Support me, *Laura.*

Sophia. *Susan*, attend the lady—keen affliction
Has bow'd this lovely flow'r to the earth.
The blighted *lily* thus declines its head,
When baleful vapours inward *cankers* spread. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

THE GROVE.

Enter WENDOLL.

Wendoll. The country seems alarm'd! My conscience figures
A thousand ruffians join'd in fierce pursuit:
The rustic ploughmen, and laborious hinds,
That have no understanding part of them,
I whisper to myself, still point to me:
The very groves re-echo *Wendoll's* name;
And even the screech-owl, in the dead of night,
Reverb'rates to my ear, base treachery! murder!
Ah! Whither shall I fly?

Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *with his sword drawn.*

Sir Charles. No further, sir—Your crimes have reach'd their bourn.
Beyond this spot—your mortal course is stopp'd.

Wendoll. *Sir Charles!* I've injur'd you.

Sir Charles. You have indeed!

Wendoll. Ruin'd your sister!

Sir Charles. To perdition damn'd her!

Wendoll. And, therefore, will not lift my murd'rous hand
Against your life.

Sir Charles. Draw, villain; and defend your worthless being!
Ungrateful wretch! false, treacherous, coward! draw.

Wendoll. Coward!

Sir Charles. Coward! I echo coward in thine ears!
Base traitor! murderer! assassin! draw.

Wendoll. Reluctant I obey—but coward— [*Draws.*

Sir Charles. Aye, trembling coward!
[SIR CHARLES *attacks* WENDOLL.]
Loaded with thy crimes,
Thy strength recedes—[WENDOLL *falls.*]
Thus, thus may guilt, may turpitude like thine,
Be ever punish'd.

Enter CRANWELL, SOPHIA, *and* SUSAN.

Wendoll. Fate has o'erta'en me! Ha! What vision's this?

Cranwell. This way the breeze seem'd to bring to our ears
The clash of swords.

Sophia. And see their sad effects.

Susan. Sure *Morven* bleeding lies!

Sophia. *Morven!*

Wendoll. Another instance of my horrid crimes!
They stand in dread array, marshall'd before me.
These are the fruits of my flagitious life.
My wife and children too.—Where are they now?
Abandon'd—starv'd—*Sophia!* forgive me, *Sophia!*
In this dread moment wipe away my guilt,
At least from thee: forgive me, angel *Sophia!*

Sophia. As truly as I hope to be forgiven.

Wendoll. But still a dread account remains behind:
Frankford—Does she exist?

Sophia. She does!

Wendoll. Yet treachery to my friend,
Duplicity of conduct, drags me down.
Sir Charles! You have reveng'd your sister's wrongs!
Receive my hand in token of forgiveness!
'Tis all I have to leave—My wife and children!
They seem to skim before my fleeting sight:
But now 'tis darkness all. Oh, Mercy! Mercy! [*Dies.*

Sophia. Mercy on me! On *Wend*——
[*Sinks into the arms of* SUSAN.

Susan. My dear lady!

Sir Charles. Mercy, I hope, will hover o'er the soul
Of *Wendoll.*

Cranwell. Assist the lady.

Susan. Bear her to the cottage.

Sir Charles. My *Anna's* illness, too, demands my presence.

Cranwell. She wish'd to see her lord; and *Maltby* went,
At her request, to urge him to attend her.

Sir Charles. Support this lovely burthen—she will soon,
I hope, revive.—Alas! how many woes

Has one vile wretch produc'd—but he is dead.
That peace he banish'd from us rest with him.

[*Exeunt* SIR CHARLES *and* CRANWELL, *supporting* SOPHIA: SUSAN *attending.*

Scene the last.

An Apartment in the Manor-house.

LADY FRANKFORD *discovered upon a Sofa:* LAURA, SISLEY, DR. LENITIVE, *and* MALTBY, *attending.*

Dr. Lenitive. You must not be disturb'd.
Lady Frankford. A few short words.
Maltby. How are you now?
Lady Frankford. Sick, sick at heart! give me some air, I pray!
Tell, oh tell me, will *Lord Frankford* come?
Maltby. Yes, *Lady Frankford!*—Divers gentlemen,
Your friends and neighbours, with their ardent prayers
Have mov'd him to attend. They told him your weak state;
Rehears'd your sorrow, and your penitence;
And more, inform'd him of your wish to see him.
He'll therefore, surely, be directly here.

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir Charles. Ah! is it thus I meet my once-lov'd *Anna?*
Lady Frankford. Blush I not, brother? Blush I not, *Sir Charles?*
Can you not read my crime writ in my cheek?
Sir Charles. Alas, dear sister! Sickness has not left
Of crimson tint enough to mark your face.
Lady Frankford. Then sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.
Is my husband come?
Sir Charles. I came to chide, but rage dissolves in tears:
Compassion turns away the darts of anger.
Oh, lovely *Anna!* I must weep with thee.
Our mother, *Anna!*
Dr. Lenitive (*aside*). *Sir Charles!* are you distract? I'll force
You from the chamber, if you but say another word
Like those you late have utter'd.
Comfort the poor mourner.
Sir Charles. Pardon me, *Anna!*
[*She gives him her hand.*]
Here's *Lord Frankford* now.

Enter LORD FRANKFORD.

Lord Frankford. Good morning, brother; gentlemen, and friends!
Heav'n, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might have extended our affliction further.
Lady Frankford. Is *Frankford* come? Methinks that voice I know.
Lord Frankford. How do you, *Anna?*
Lady Frankford. Well! My *lord*, well! but I shall soon be better.
Will you vouchsafe, out of your grace and your humanity,
To take a spotted harlot by the hand?
Lord Frankford. This hand once held my heart in faster bands
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. Heaven pardon him
That made us first break hold!
Lady Frankford. Amen! Amen! Now listen to me, *Frankford!*
Out of my zeal to heaven, I was so bold
To wish you here.
Lord Frankford. For what?
Lady Frankford. Once more to beg your pardon. Oh, good man!
And father of my children! pardon me!
Pardon, oh pardon me! my fault's so heinous,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Palsy hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot; but my heart declines:
My trembling soul lies prostrate at your feet,
Imploring pardon—Pardon, oh *Frankford!* husband! pardon me!
Lord Frankford. As freely from the low depth of my soul,
As I can hope for pardon from above,
I pardon thee, my *Anna!*
Lady Frankford. Embrace my children for me.
Lord Frankford. I only live for them!
Lady Frankford. Am I forgiven?
Lord Frankford. Even as I hope forgiveness on that day,
When I appear before the dread tribunal. [*Embraces her.*
Sir Charles. Now comfort, *Lady Frankford!*
Your gen'rous husband has forgiven your fall;
Arouse your mind, and cheer your fainting soul.
Laura. How is it with you, lady?
Lady Frankford. Not of this world.
Lord Frankford. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.

My wife, the mother of my lovely babes,
Both these lost names I do restore to thee,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again.
Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
Repentance bleaches guilt to innocence.

Lady Frankford. Pardon'd on earth, thus flies my soul to heav'n!
Thus let me die in thy embraces! Oh!
[*Expires in her husband's arms.*

Lord Frankford. *Anna!* my lovely *Anna!*——Oh! she's dead!
My *Anna's* lost———

Sir Charles. My *lord*, be comforted—
Your sorrow part amongst us all.

Laura. I'll take the largest share.

Sir Charles. Peace to thy ashes, *Anna!*
Thy vile deceiver
Has justly paid the forfeit of his crimes.

Lord Frankford. He fell the victim of INGRATITUDE.

Dr. Lenitive. *Sophia*, recover'd from her dreadful shock,
Has long ere this receiv'd her father's pardon.

Lord Frankford. May her repentance, and my *Anna's* fate,
Instruct our fair, before it be too late,
To shun temptation, whether it shall move
In the disguise of FRIENDSHIP, or of LOVE.

Sir Charles (*to Lord Frankford*). And may our *moral* teach, that treacherous arts
Cannot be practis'd on young *matrons* hearts,
If husbands, cautious, when abroad they roam,
Ne'er leave a *representative* at home.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ANNUAL EXPENSE *of the* HOUSEHOLD *of* EDWARD VI.

IT is recorded by STRYPE,* that the annual expense of the household of this amiable young Prince was as follows:—

	£.
"First year of his reign	49,187
Second year	46,902
Third year	46,100
Fourth year	100,578
Fifth year	62,863
Sixth year	65,923

The author of the "Annals of Commerce," referring to this statement, which he has quoted, observes,

"Why this" (the *fourth* year) "so far exceeds the rest, we know not; nor why the other years differ so much, unless it be from the great debasing of his silver coins in every year of his reign but the last."

That the *silver coins* were, in the reign of *Edward VI.* more *debased* than, perhaps, at any other period of the English history, is a circumstance well known:* but as the estimate of annual expenses recognizes money at its *nominal*, and not at its *real* value, which was actually the mode adopted with respect to receiving the *base coin*, at least until it was *generally depreciated* (when, it is probable, that it might be received according to its *metallic estimation*, which was not the case till the last year), we do not see how the account of the expenses of the FOURTH *year* could have been *swelled* by the circumstance alluded to, which does not, in our apprehension, seem to bear upon the subject.

The year 1550 was a period of very considerable activity on the part of EDWARD VI. with respect to foreign negociations. A treaty of peace was in con-

* Vol. ii. p. 454, 455.

* It was not till the fifth year of the reign of *Edward VI.* that the greatest *debasement* of the *silver coin* took place. At that period, it appears, that a *pound weight* of *silver*, of *three* ounces *fine* and *nine* ounces alloy, was coined into *seventy-two shillings*, at 12d. a-piece, and the merchant received for every *ounce* of *fine* silver which he should bring to the Mint, ten shillings of such money; by which means, *twelve ounces* of *fine silver* was, in *estimation*, exorbitantly raised to *fourteen pounds eighteen shillings*. It is not here necessary to enumerate all the *coins* and *coinage variations* of this reign:(*a*) we shall, therefore, only state, that, of the base money, there are two sorts of *testoons*, which have the portrait of the prince in profile: the one having this legend, TIMOR DOMINI FONS VITE. MDXLIX. issued in 1550, and the other INIMICOS EIVS INDVAM CONFVSIONE. It was on the former of these that *Bishop Latimer* remarked, that "it was such a pretty *little shilling*, that he had like to have put it away for an *old groat*." From which it will be observed, that it was not only in its *metallic purity vitiated*, but reduced in *its size*. We remember, that one of the *very* ancient dramatic poets connects *hot-houses* (*bagnios*) and the practice of *sweating* the *coin*, in a manner more *humorous* than delicate.

(*a*) Though this speculation, of which the late *Lord Liverpool* laid a most admirable plan, is, with respect to a general history of *English coins*, extremely curi—

templation; four *plenipotentiaries* were sent to meet the *French commissioners* near *Boulogne*, where they finally settled it, upon very *disadvantageous* terms to this country. The expenses of this embassy are, as belonging to the *civil list*, included in those of the *household*. There had been, it also appears, a great *mismanagement* of the *King's money*: many *defalcations* were proved before the committee of inquiry: the *Earl* of *Arundel* was fined 12,000l. *Southwell* sent to the Fleet, and others forced to compound with the court as well as they could. The affairs of *Germany*, where the *Protestants* were, probably, relieved by *Edward*, must have caused to him a considerable expense. The death of *Paul III.* and the probability of *Cardinal Pole's* succeeding him, did not pass *unnoticed* in this kingdom.* *Commissioners* were sent respecting the peace to the *Regent* of *Scotland*. In fact, the year 1550 was, as we have observed, a period of such *bustle* and *activity*, that we wonder much less at the amount of the expense alluded to, than that it was not greatly exceeded.

* Expenses were incurred, both in watching the operations of the *Holy See*, and the conduct of the *Princess Mary*.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* MEMOIRS *of* VICTOR ALFIERI.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE been perusing the Memoirs of Count Alfieri, whose alternate contempt and ardent love of literature have made a great impression on my mind. The Monthly Review observes, that the Memoirs "afford an example to aspiring genius of what prodigies may be performed in literature by the efforts of labour, and the excitement of a love of glory." The peaceful acquirement of glory in the paths of literature, as it results from the exertion of the most important gift of Providence, and tends to the exaltation of human nature in general, is surely laudable. A work which on this principle stimulates the mind, and shews a practical example for its accomplishment, cannot fail of being advantageous. In speaking of these Memoirs, I must beg to be understood as speaking of them merely in the light in which they are placed by the above-mentioned publication. In some respects they are not so commendable; but we must bear with the obnoxious parts, when we consider that they render the ultimate example more impressive. We behold a man passing the morning of life in a very loose and reprehensible manner; absorbed in pleasure and its pursuits; and flying from kingdom to kingdom merely for its gratification. We behold him destitute of all literature, and ignorant of the delight which springs from the emanations of a cultivated mind, and (considering his elevated rank) a disgrace to himself and society. From one trivial circumstance the whole picture was reversed. The spring of genius was put in action, and its consequent impulses pursued with irresistible ardour. He acquired, with indefatigable exertion, the knowledge of native literature, of the Latin, and, in his forty-seventh year (a most miraculous attempt), determined and accomplished the knowledge of the Greek language. The results of these and his other studies were very considerable: nineteen tragedies and six comedies were at the head of a vast variety; and thus we see a man, after his twenty-fifth year, by dint of perseverance and exertion, acquiring the most difficult portions of profound learning, and an elevated station in the lists of literary fame. I shall now, sir, endeavour to explain, why these Memoirs have made so great an impression on my mind. Though exempted from the vices into which Alfieri was led by dissipation, during his "*vegetation*," yet his ultimate industry reproaches me, and makes me view myself deficient and ignorant, when I might, in half the time which I have sacrificed to trifles, have made myself perfect and informed. I was fond of literature from my early youth; but forgetting that advantages must generally be obtained by labour, I applied, or rather misapplied, myself merely to the dregs of literature, where reward was given without labour, and pleasure without pain. Thus, before I had acquired the profound, I was amusing myself with various species of light reading, the effects of which I now sincerely repent. Though younger than Alfieri was when he took his laudable resolution, and, I believe, impressed with far more veneration for learning, I feel that I am not capable of imitating his example: I have not resolution to attempt it, nor energy sufficient to make the attempt successful. The

task is not one of an ordinary nature, nor will it be attempted by an ordinary mind. Thus I am doomed, by my early inattention, to insignificance, and comparative ignorance; and survey with an almost superstitious veneration the hard-earned acquirements of others. The subject has so much engrossed my thoughts, that it may probably call forth some farther reflections; in the mean time, I am, sir, yours, &c. W. S.

ORIENTAL OBSERVATIONS.

No. XIII.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *August* 25.

A VERY elegant monument, of a pyramidical form, executed by Mr. Myers, has been erected (by order of the executors) to the memory of the late Honourable John Hyde, at the new burying-ground, Calcutta: the following inscription well deserves a place in your l[illegible]ing pages; it was written by a Mr. Thomas Scott, one of the Masters in Chancery at Bengal, and was some time since placed on a large tablet at the base of the pyramid.

Mr. Hyde was, in the year 1782, chief justice; at which time the puisne judges were the late Sir Elijah Impey, and the late Sir R. Chambers: on the retirement of the former, the celebrated Sir William Jones succeeded; and at his death, his place was filled by the late Sir William Dunkin, who was promoted by the interest of Lord Melville, then Mr. Dundas. Mr. Hyde was descended from the same family with that illustrious statesman, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Charles I. and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain in the reign of Charles II. whose second son was made Earl of Rochester, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and whose daughter Anne was Queen Consort of England, being wife to King James II. He married, in September 1773, the Honourable Mary Seymour, daughter of Lord Francis Seymour, brother of the late, and uncle of the present Duke of Somerset. It is usual to create every judge of the Supreme Court of Bengal a Knight; but Mr. Hyde declined the honour of becoming one. Yours, &c. ASIATICUS.

Sacred to the memory
of
the Honourable JOHN HYDE,
who was appointed one of the Puisne Judges
on the establishment of the Supreme Court at Calcutta,
in the year 1774;
and died, after faithfully discharging the duties
of that high and important station
for a period of above twenty-one years,
aged 59.
On the 8th July 1796.
He was an affectionate Husband;
A fond Parent;
A firm and zealous friend;
Of unquestioned integrity as a Judge;
and a truly virtuous Man.
His loss was deeply and honourably regretted
By that community which had long respected his virtues;
And the public records
Of this government declare him to have been
" *A magistrate, whose integrity in the discharge*
" *of his public functions, was equalled only by*
" *the virtues of his private character.*"
Social, yet dignified,
He commanded at once
The affections and reverence
Of the wide-extended circle honoured by the participation
of his hospitalities.
But his noblest eulogium will be found
In the lasting regret of a long list of unfortunate persons,
whose indigent condition,
By his advice, protection, and munificence,
His life was one continued study to meliorate;
And who must ever regard him
As a departed model of unexampled,
yet cautiously-concealed charity,
The practical extent of which
could alone be exceeded
By the boundless benevolence and generosity of his heart.

Of Crimes *and* Punishments.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

RESPECTING this interesting subject, I could not help being extremely struck with the address of *Baron Graham*, to the *Grand Jury* at York, which seems to me to be a most excellently well timed, and well considered document; although, perhaps, in its principle, better adapted to, by which I mean more practicable, in the country where a man of family and fortune, *still* retains a kind of *ideal feudality*, which is, I believe, attached to the soil, than in the METROPOLIS, where, from the general commixture of inhabitants, individual excellence would scarcely be considered as *exemplary*.

The *metropolis*, sir, as you know far better than myself, exhibits at this instant, a kind of *imperium in imperio*: the most extraordinary *system*, or rather *compages*, of *virtues* and of *crimes*, that ever contributed to distinguish the population of any other city, ancient or modern; and therefore, without entangling the minds of your readers at present, with local disquisitions, which future occasions will most unquestionably elicit; without, in this instance, inquiring what peculiar enormities mark the *east*, the *west*, the *north*, and the *south* divisions, or the central assemblage of this immense mass of mankind; I shall only state, that I have *experimentally* observed each district to be impressed with a *peculiar character*, and that the crimes of *Westminster* and those of *Wapping*, for instance, are, in their nature so different, that although *their end* is the same in many respects, it has been found absolutely necessary to enact *new statutes** for their restriction and punishment. The same observation will, with propriety, extend to the manufacturing district on the *north*, and the mercantile region on the *south* of the *Thames*; the *weavers* and *watch-makers* on the one hand, and the *tanners*, *curriers*, and *dealers* in *home productions* on the other, are governed by peculiar codes, though, in crimes of great magnitude, still, of course, subject to the operation of the general principles of the *common* and *statute* laws, of which the former is as ancient as the differences arising betwixt man and man, after the first formation of society; "*It being no other than pure and tried reason*,"† or "*the absolute perfection of reason*," as *Sir Edward Coke* affirmeth;‡ while the latter, accruing from necessity, founded upon reason, and descending from *Magna Charta*, 9 Hen. III. has grown with the growth of the country, and has been at different periods adapted to the repression of the enormities of society.

That, "we have strict statutes," no one will deny; but that they have, as I have just observed, been derived from necessity, is equally certain, and that they could be altered with any advantage to society extremely dubitable. In the *country*, the operation of such a transition would, I apprehend, hardly be attended with success; at least, until, as the learned judge whom I have mentioned states, *example* had convinced the lower classes of the people, "that the only means of really improving their condition is, by adopting a course of honest industry, and by refraining from every species of vice and intemperance." In the metropolis the *experiment* would be attended with still greater danger; the wide spread of *criminality*; the astonishing variety of channels into which it branches; the immense number of depredators, accessaries, and agents; the great encouragement that they receive, not only from the facility with which they can dispose of their ill-acquired plunder; but, from the reluctance, I may say, the *increasing reluctance*, that frequently appears to prosecute, are things which demand *strictness* rather than *relaxation*.§ It is astonishing, it would scarcely be believed, did not experience

* 2 Geo. 3. c. 28. and the Thames Police Act.

† Plowd. Com. Case of the Mines.

‡ Coke's Instit. Part ii. p. 179.

§ "No sooner," says *Mr. Colquhoun*, "does a magistrate commit a hackneyed thief or receiver of stolen goods, a coiner or dealer in base money, or a criminal charged with any other fraud or offence punishable by law, than recourse is immediately had to some disreputable attorney, whose mind is made up, and prepared to practise every trick and device that can defeat the ends of substantial justice. Depraved persons, frequently accomplices, are hired to swear an *alibi*; witnesses are cajoled, threatened, or bribed, either to mutilate their evidence or to speak doubtfully on the trial, although they swore positively before the committing magistrate."—*Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis*.

convince us of its truth, what an effect the idea of relaxation of the criminal code has, among the persons upon whom it operates, already had: this the proceedings at the *Old Bailey* will every sessions still more strongly confirm. The laws alluded to, as applied to the metropolis, for to this I *particularly* advert, are, in my opinion, so peculiarly *necessary*, that I can hardly conceive an *alteration* of them that would be *an amendment*; they, generally speaking, go the *full length* of the *crimes* against which they are levelled; but it will also be observed, that they are administered with the greatest discretion, judgment, and lenity; and that a comparison of the *inflictions* of the present day, with those that pervaded a considerable part of the *last century*, will shew, that prevention rather than punishment, is the great principle which in our *criminal courts* has, for a considerable period, uniformly operated.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c. M.

ESSAYS,

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

*No. XXIII.**

On Style.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne
Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species——

Hor. Ars Poet. v. i.

"THERE is nothing," says *Boileau*, "which debases a discourse more than mean words. A mean thought expressed in elevated terms, is better than the most noble idea clothed in vulgar diction."

That "*mean words*" and *creeping phrases*, or, as we should now say, a *poverty* of *language*, debase sublime ideas, and make them appear like the *statues* of *the deities* clothed in the drapery of *Rag Fair*, is certain; yet that this is a more atrocious fault in *style* than that of adorning the *lowest*, the *most hacknied*, and *common images*, with all the *gorgeous trapping*, the *lace* and *frippery*, of a *florid* and *exuberant diction*, which has been compared to clapping an *embroidered coat* and a *judge's wig* upon a *chimney-sweeper*, we have very considerable doubts: both are solecisms which demand repression. If the low style, with very few literary exceptions, prevailed; if a kind of debased diction became, during the period of the *great rebellion*, the vernacular idiom; if what was deemed "the *dialect* of *Hog's Norton*" was allowed to pervade the *court* and the *city*, and our language was *recruited* with *regiments* of *low words*, which, like *regiments* of *low soldiers*, are, in times of necessity, *pressed* into the service; if we suffered a *verbal invasion* by a *mob* of *indigent phrases*; it is certain that, after the *Restoration*, these grovelling *roots* expanded into gaudy *flowers*. At this period, when

"Every courtier writ romance,"

it is astonishing to think how our language literally *flourished*; its *ancient branches*, like *ephemeral plants* (the *cestus** and the *convolvulus*, for instance), every day produced *new blossoms*. The *Academy* had been recently established in *Paris*, and its members had begun to operate upon one of the points for which it was instituted, that of *reforming* the *Gallic tongue*; but as they were equally eminent for *philosophy* as for *philology*, they began to *purify* before they attempted to *polish*; hence their declamations breathed the very *spirit* of *rhetoric*. In *England*, the language which had, as has been observed, been sadly sophisticated, became the care of men who, although, perhaps, equal to the *French* in genius, were their inferiors in *patience*; which, applied to *verbal criticism*, is only another term for *philosophy*. These men, with *Dryden* at their head, began to cull the *flowers* of *literature* without destroying its *weeds*. Dryden was certainly a genius of the first order, and, therefore, might do any thing; but his cotemporaries, who were not endowed with the faculties of so nobly erring, or so admirably defending themselves, caught only by the beauty of the *bouquets* they were so continually composing, tied together *flowers* and *weeds*, and by a constant exhibition of their *glowing* tints, induced the public to admire them without much examination.

The flowery age of language, therefore, we take to be this, which we have just celebrated; and the period when it

* For No. XXII. See Vol. LVIII. p. 418.

* Althea frutex.

was reduced to its *just standard*, when all the elegance and all the graces of diction were displayed, nearly divested of its obnoxious redundancies, was the age of *Addison*, &c. From the middle of the last century, our style has been gradually rising; but it has displayed, in many instances, something like corporeal growth, where, as is frequently to be observed, the body enlarges, and extends without any addition to its *sense* or to its *strength*. The musical idioms of *Burke* caused us to turn our attention to the *tune* of our language. We discovered that it was capable of being run through a number of variations and modulations; and that even from its *discords* harmony might be produced. But this diction, for *Burke* seldom ventured beyond the bounds of *nature* and *true philology*, having for its foundation *superlative genius*, did not entirely obtain; we wished for sounds

"To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul,"

without so thoroughly operating upon our senses; sounds which, in fact, we did not so well *understand*, and *Johnson* most opportunely arose to gratify our *verbal propension*. The meridian style of our great lexicographer, for he had *three*, *rational*, *bombastic*, and *nervous*, brings us back to the observation of *Boileau*, from which we have most unpardonably diverged. The diction of *Johnson* has been also termed the *ponderous* and *gigantic*, and consists in furnishing, in many instances, common ideas with words of most *extraordinary magnitude*: so that they stand *rank* and *file*, like the *lines* of the *King* of *Prussia's tall company*. This was a style calculated, by its extension and *specific gravity*, to make a great impression upon *human ears*: it has done so, and its success has been concomitant; for we have reason to believe, that, from the rise of letters to the present hour, no author has had so many imitators; respecting whom it has happened, as it did to the followers of *Archimedes*, that when they have attempted to *move* the immense machines which his genius formed, they have misdirected their powers, and totally destroyed their efficacy.

We had intended to have proceeded further in this disquisition, but that our paper, which is a kind of *literary pound*, will not suffer us: we shall, therefore, close it for the present, with some instances of *false philology*, which will serve, at least, to elucidate *Boileau's* position, leaving other points to the chance of a future opportunity.

"I know," says an anonymous critic now before us, "of no greater instance," by which he means that he does not know of any greater instance, "of the ill effect of mean terms, than that we find in two verses of *Mr. Montague's* Epistle to *Lord Dorset*, on *King William's* Victory at the *Boyne*."

These occur in the greatest heat of that glorious action; they start up spontaneously, and seem to stand like two *hillocks of snow*, surrounded, but not *thawed*, by the *blaze* of *sublimity* which *warms* and *animates* the context. "Stop!" cries the Bard.

"Stop, stop, brave Prince!"—"What, does your *Muse*, sir, faint?
Proceed, pursue his conquest!"—"*Faith, I can't!*"

This catechetical heroic, this confounded interrogatory, which appears like an insuperable barrier, and impedes the "pursuit of conquest," has been called a *hitch*: but this, as *Boileau* observes, is a mean expression, applied to an elevated subject. We have, therefore, no scruple to raise it a little, by terming it A JOLT; which, however it might have operated upon the *hero*, absolutely compels the *poet* to stop. We will now give another line, that is, in its effect, something similar:

"As on *Ararat* the Ark, stopp'd!"*

This, too, is a *literary jolt*, but it impels us forward; for although the *Ark* has verbally "stopp'd," it is with such a concussion, that we are absolutely thrown out of it, to take our chances as we can.

Seriously, therefore, mean words, applied to sublime ideas, are like throwing a few *buckets of water* upon a *bonfire*: they not only repress its force and *brilliancy*, but *cloud* the atmosphere with its smoke.

This position, is, perhaps, better elucidated by Sterne.

"But," said I to the *Barber*, "will the curls of this wig stand?"

"You may," replied the *Barber*, "emerge it into the *ocean*, and they will stand."

"Every thing," he continues, "is upon the great scale in this country: the utmost extent of an English barber's

* Deluge: a Poem.

ideas would have been, to have *popped* the *wig* into a pail of water, which was easily come at, was in the next room, while the said wig must have been carried two hundred miles from Paris to have been immerged into the *ocean*: so that the *French barber* did not mean any thing."

With respect to the instances where mean thoughts may, with propriety, be raised by noble expressions, *Phillips's* poems of the "*Splendid Shilling*" and "*Cyder*" abound with them: but we can, at present, only quote one, from the latter.

"What tho' the *Pear-tree* rival not the worth
Of *Ariconian* products, yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, and her wide-branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent dog
Adverse to life. The wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar: her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage:
Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large increase
Annual in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
Thrice acceptable *beverage*! Could but art
Subdue the floating *Lee*, POMONA's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice, when summer heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids. Oh! how sweet t'enjoy
At once her fruits and hospitable shade."

THE BATHOS.

———*Quas aut incuria fudit,*
Aut humana parum cavet natura. HOR.

THE following verse of *Mr. Welsted* has been quoted by the learned *Martinus Scriblerus*, as a *paronomasdic* specimen of peculiar excellence:—

———"Behold the virgin lie
Naked, and only *cover'd* by the *sky*."

"To which," says honest *Martin*, "thou," meaning the reader, "may'st add,

"To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop."

Therefore, as the virgin has scarcely slept till this time, we will subjoin,

"But when in *naked majesty* she rose,
She seem'd a LILY *stripp'd of all its clothes*."

Or this couplet, which we think extremely applicable to the present period:

"Should any *fair one* wish for *mens' applause*,
Let her *denude*; at least, *array in gauze*."

We remember, and, indeed, we quote from memory, that the *Spectator* transcribes the following lines, we think, from Blackmore:—

"A painted vest *Prince Voltager* had on,
Which from a *naked Pict* his grandsire won;"

and observes, that "if the *poet* had not been *pert* as well as *dull*, his vivacity would not have hindered him from reflecting, that it was impossible for the grandsire of *Prince Voltager*, or of any other *Prince*, to strip a *naked man* of his *vest*." — Such is the language of *dogmatical criticism* triumphing over the supposed blunder of a *prostrate bard*: but as we have a kind of *consanguineous* affection for *literary dulness*, it has induced us to consider this *important* subject with a greater degree of *profundity*; and the result of that consideration has been, that the seeming incongruity has been rather a *slip* of the *pen* than a *lapse* in the *mind* of the *poet*, who by the "*painted vest*" taken by the ancestor of *Prince Voltager* from the "*naked Pict*," meant allegorically to allude to his having stripped him of *his skin*; a custom still practised by *savage conquerors* upon the carcasses of their enemies. The *skins* of the *Picts*, whence they derived their name, were much more ingeniously painted than the faces of *modern ladies*; their devices, such as the *sun*, *moon*, *stars* (*trees*, *rocks*, and *rivulets*, perhaps, in the *back ground*), glowed with the brightest colours; so that the poet, with no very great verbal outrage, terms it, for it is certain that he means *the skin*, "a *painted vest*." This the grandsire of the *Prince*, it appears, *took* as a *girl* flays an *eel*, or a *butcher* a *sheep*; and his descendant wore it as *a trophy*: a circumstance very common in the savage warfare of the ancients, and, at present, among the *scalping* heroes of *America*. This was, we conceive, what the poet had in his head; though, from his ambiguous mode of expression, he has, unfortunately, laid himself at the feet of a writer of superior genius. J. M.

CLASSICAL *and* LITERARY MORSELS.

PLATO, in his *Gorgias*, page 523, introduces his last preceptor, *Socrates*, saying, "This is the law among the gods, that whosoever of mankind had lived piously and righteously, should, at his death, depart into the Isles of the

blessed, and there dwell in the enjoyment of all happiness, with immunity and freedom from all evils; but he that had acted unrighteously and impiously should descend to a place of correction and just punishment." It was from sentiments like these that the *fathers* of the Church were induced to study his *philosophy*; and *St. Ambrose*, in particular, to declare, that *Plato* had sentiments conformable to Christianity.

CATO MAJOR is, by *Cicero*, made to say, "Do you think that I would have engaged in such great and continual labours, both at home and in the war, if my glory was to end with my life? Would it not have been far better to have passed my time in pleasure and repose, without any anxiety or exertion? It most unquestionably would; but that my mind, elevating itself above this terrene spot, and soaring beyond the confined limits of human existence, had always a prospect of futurity, as if it was then to live, when it had in this world ceased to exist."

Such were the ideas of a good man, though unenlightened by the Gospel: and it is curious, that *Addison*, availing himself of his classical knowledge, has clothed the same ideas in very beautiful language, and given them to Cato the Younger, in his famous soliloquy,

"It must be so: *Plato!* thou reasonest well," &c.

Though these sentiments are, certainly, much more strongly, perhaps we should say feelingly, enforced by *Rowe*, and turned, with great judgment, to the operation of Christian principles, in that exquisitely pathetic scene betwixt *Lord Guildford Dudley* and *Lady Jane Gray*, in the *tragedy* that bears this title; respecting which, to direct the reader's attention to it, we shall merely quote the beginning speeches.

"*Lord G. Dudley.* What read'st thou there, my queen?"
"*Lady J. Gray.* 'Tis *Plato's Phædon*——
Where dying *Socrates* takes leave of life,
With such an easy, such a calm indifference,
As if the trifle were not worth his care,
Mean in itself, and only to be worn
In honour of the giver."

Let us now, for a moment, advert to the opening of the sentiments which the poets whom we have named commend; and observe further, that *Plato* seems to have been the *father* of the ideas both of *Cicero* and *Addison*.

"In the first place," says *Socrates*, "if I had not the hope, where I am going, to continue still under the care of the same all-wise Providence, and to meet the spirits of the departed, whose society is preferable to any friendship we enjoy here on earth, it would be weakness and folly to treat life with so much indifference, and to run willingly into the arms of death; but I have the most comforting assurances that I shall not be deceived in either of my expectations. The latter I dare not so confidently insist on; but that the providence of God will always watch over me, I will maintain as firmly as ever I have maintained any truth in my life; for that reason, I am not grieved to die, as I know that at death all is not over with our being; another life succeeds, and one, as has been said of old,* which will prove happier for the virtuous than the wicked."

SUBSTITUTE *for* BARM,† *which may prove generally useful.*

TO a pint of fresh beer, or porter, put a table-spoonful of brown sugar, and as much flour as will convert it to the consistence of a batter; put the mixture into a small jar or bottle, corking it close, as it is apt to fly. Shake it well twice a day, for six days; it will then be fit for use. The above will work 14 pounds of flour:—leave about a tea-cup full in the bottle, and add the same quantity of beer, sugar, and flour; it will be fit for use in three days. Leave the barm to spunge with the flour some time in the day, make the bread at night, and bake it early next morning. The barm is to be beaten up with a little warm water, to spunge in the flour as soon as it is out of the jar, and left for about six hours before the bread is made.

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* *Plato*, it is probable, was, in the character of *Socrates*, here alluding to one of the leading principles of the *Egyptian* mythology, which he had in that country intensely studied.

† YEST.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1810.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Philosophical Essays, by Dugald Stewart, Esq. F. R. S. Edin. Emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburg, Honorary Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and Member of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia. 1 vol. *4to.* pp. 590.

IT has, in our opinions, been, in many instances, a waste of time; or, as Tillotson observes, "a more *reputable* and *glittering* kind of *idleness*," for men to endeavour to discover causes by any other means than by an investigation of their effects; yet, have hypothetical assumptions been the favorite *amusement* of philosophers, from the times of the *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans*, to the age of Aristotle, who promulgated doctrines which have since been investigated in every period, down to the present. Without attempting to trace the ideas of the ancients with respect to the *imagination*, the power that the soul has in forming to itself the images of objects, how it operates upon the brain, and the distinction betwixt the *active imagination* of the soul, and the *passive imagination* of the body, a distinction without any *systematical* difference; without bewildering our senses in that maze of contrarieties, which recollection at this instant presents; let us only observe, respecting the expansion of opposite opinions, and the formation of opposite systems, that they have arisen from the combination of *philosophy* and *literature*, from the laudable desire that all men feel to *instruct* the world, and perhaps to *astonish* posterity, and the ready means which the *scriptorial* art afforded to disseminate their principles, to fix their ideas, and to *generalize* their doctrines. PHILOSOPHY and LITERATURE, saith the *Allegory*, were born of the same parents, *Geniu* and *Application*; they were *twins*, that, it is believed, first saw the celestial light of *mental intelligence* in the Persian Empire, where they were nurtured, grew, and flourished; they travelled over the peninsula of the *Indies*, and thence to *Egypt*; from *Egypt* they proceeded to *Greece*, where they shone with much greater splendor than even in their native country: they there established an influence which has since extended over great part of the world, and which operates at the present hour.

The descendants of *genius* and *application*, obtained the appellation of *philosophers*. Of these, one of the most ancient, *Aristotle*, laid the *metaphysical foundation* upon which the present work is erected; although it is certain, that many moderns, *Malebranche* and *Locke* for instances, have given permanence to the *radical system*, and *substantiality* or *materiality* to the superstructure.

The doctrines of *mental philosophy*, are so well known, their principles have been so frequently canvassed, that it might be thought nothing *new* could have been urged toward their *extension*, or advanced toward their *elucidation*. It does, however, appear by the essays which we now contemplate, that the examination of the principles of *Logic*, or the art of *right reasoning* and *metaphysics*, which may be termed *general philosophy*, as it soars *at least* to the *utmost limits* of *human genius*, while it spreads to its *greatest extent* the ductile vehicle of *human comprehension*, may still be pursued with avidity, and expatiated upon with success. *Metaphysics* and *Logic* are the two attic columns upon which the philosophical essays, that we are now contemplating, are supported: while the former commemorates the transactions of sages who have travelled through the *ideal*, *visionary*, and

sometimes *speculative* regions, the latter, like a faithful historian, records their progress, and reasons upon the real effects of frequently *hypothetical* causes.

This work, it is now time to observe, is introduced by a preliminary dissertation, in the beginning of which, *Mr. Stewart* states, that

"The chief aim is to correct some prevailing mistakes, with respect to the philosophy of the human mind."

Referring to a former work, he in continuation observes,

——"Surely, when we attempt to explain the nature of that principle, which feels, and thinks, and wills, by saying, that it is a material substance, or that it is the result of material organization, we impose on ourselves, by words, forgetting that matter as well as mind is known to us by its qualities alone, and that we are equally ignorant of the essence of either."

* * * * * *

"I have," he adds, "accordingly, in my own inquiries, aimed at nothing more than to ascertain, in the first place, the laws of our Constitution, *as far as they can be discovered by attention to subjects of our consciousness*, and afterwards to apply those laws as principles for the synthetical explanation of the more complicated phenomena of the understanding."

In the course of this dissertation, of which we can only give a very faint idea, our author remarks, that,

"The physiological theories which profess to explain how our mental operations are produced by means of vibrations, and other changes in the state of the *sensorium*, which, if they are not altogether hypothetical and visionary, cannot be considered even by their warmest advocates, as resting on the same evidence with those conclusions which are open to the examination of all men capable of exercising the power of reflection; and, therefore, scientific distinctness requires that these two different classes of propositions should not be confounded together by one common name. For my own part, I have no scruple to say, that I consider the physiological problem in question, as one of those which are likely for ever to remain among the *arcana* of nature, nor am I afraid of being contradicted by any competent and candid judge, how sanguine soever may be his hopes concerning the progress of future discovery, when I assert, that it has hitherto eluded completely all the efforts which have been made towards its solution. As to the metaphysical romances above alluded to, they appear to me, after all the support and illustration which they have received from the ingenuity of Hartley, of Priestly, and of Darwin, to be equally unscientific in the design, and uninteresting in the execution, destitute at once of the sober charms of truth, and of those imposing attractions, which fancy, when united to taste, can lend to fiction."

On *Mr. Locke*, he bestows a milder *censure*, and then remarks upon *Mr. Belsham's* zeal for *Dr. Hartley's* theory of vibrations, "which, though more probable than some others, is still but a hypothesis,"* respecting which, our author properly observes, that

"The philosophical inference from this concession, is *not* that the *hypothesis* of Dr. Hartley, or the *hypothesis* of Mr. Belsham must necessarily be true, but that laying aside all hypotheses, we should apply ourselves to collect such facts as may lead us in due time, to the only satisfactory conclusions we have the chance of ever forming, concerning the connection between mind and body—the discovery of some general laws by which this connection is regulated."

To forward this discovery, is, we take it, the purport of this dissertation, and of the following essays. Whether the word *metaphysics* is of no older date, "than the publication of *Aristotle's* works, by *Andronicus* of *Rhodes*," or that Μετα τὰ φυσικα was the title given to one of his books by *Aristotle* himself, is of little importance; for however the word might have been generated, it has certainly been in its import much extended; but where to fix its real boundaries is, we conceive, still a question. However, Mr. S. states, that he has not the most distant idea "of proposing any alteration in the use of the words, *metaphysics* and *physics*," which would indeed be attended with great confusion, "but merely," he observes, "to guard myself against the charge of affectation, or singularity when I so often recur in these pages, to the analogy between the inductive science of mind, and the inductive science of matter."

Resting upon the authority of *Lord Bacon*, our author, in the second chapter of this dissertation, very properly

* This hypothesis had erst been *risked* by the sages of *Oxford*, as we learn from *Prior*.

ALMA, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain,
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.
Alma, Canto I.

shields himself from some mis-statements that have been made respecting his opinions, and, as an apology for his observations on a long quotation, remarks, that he pleads the cause, "not only of Locke and his followers, but of such '*star-gazers*,'* as Tycho-Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, and Copernicus."

Assenting as we do to the proposition, that, "*In metaphysics, certainly knowledge is not power*," we do not in the smallest degree see how it can bear upon our author, who has never broadly asserted that *it is*; yet no one will, we presume, deny that in *metaphysics* as in other sciences *knowledge* is a *source of power*, or in other words, that *theory* may, nay must, to render it in any degree useful, be reduced to *practice*, and *knowledge* be confirmed by *experiment*.

"The whole of a philosopher's life, indeed, 'saith our author,' if he spends it to any purpose, is one continued series of experiments on his own faculties and powers, and the superiority he possesses over others in a skilful application of them, arises chiefly from the general rules (never perhaps expressed *verbally* even to himself) which he has deduced from those experiments; experiments, it must be granted, not carried on by such instruments as prisms or crucibles, but by an apparatus better suited to the intellectual laboratory which furnishes their materials."

This remark Mr. S. proposes newly to illustrate in his examination of the formation of taste; at present, he employs himself, however ingeniously, we think with little advantage, to support the fame of *Bacon*; which, although he does not accuse the author of the strictures in the *Edinburgh Review* (whom he has taken more pains than we should have done, had it been our case, to answer) of endeavouring to cloud, he, by the scope of his observations, seems to imply something to that effect. That *Bacon* soared to the height of science, and from that sublime acmè saw all the operations of the human mind, it is *now too late*, were any one so disposed, to deny; his works speak for themselves; and it is impossible either by quotation or argument to advance their character, or to controvert their principles.

There is in our mental, as in our moral perceptions, a cause that anticipates the effect; if a man intends to lift a ball of lead, he intuitively proportions his exertions to the weight of the body within his grasp; but should he find that it was only of *paper*, his hand instantly flies upward. So when he is prepared to meet his friend, in the moment of exultation, with smiles and acknowledgments, and he observes *despair* and *disgust* seated on his countenance, his senses recoil, he shrinks from the rencontre, the brow of his friend clears, he confesses his assumed gravity was a trial of his feelings, and the person upon whom it had operated, instantly resumes his mental serenity; many men are *philosophers* and *metaphysicians*, as weavers, &c. are *mathematicians*, without knowing the terms of art, though it would be too much to state, that in the knowledge of the *terms of art*, consist in any very considerable degree the learning of many philosophers.

"It must indeed be granted," says Mr. S. "that in the best works that have yet appeared on the science of the mind, the mere refutation of scholastic errors occupies a large and melancholy space. Accordingly it has been mentioned with an air of triumph, as a fact, which since the time of Reid seems now to be admitted with regard to *perception*, and some of the primary functions of the mind, that philosophy can be of no use to us, and that the profoundest reasonings lead us back to the *creed*, and to the ignorance of the vulgar."

Our limits will not allow us to follow Mr. S. through his confutation of this passage, and his subsequent series of reasoning upon a variety of subjects connected with the grand principle of his work. We are sure he will pardon us, if we observe that, to our apprehension, he endeavours to prove *too much*. We are not quite of opinion, that the crowd is always *erroneous*, or that the wisdom of the schools is always *pretended*: though we fully agree with him, that —"the most substantial benefit a philosopher can bestow upon his fellow-creatures, as well as the noblest species of power to which he can aspire, is to impart to others the lights he has struck out by his meditations, and to encourage human reason, by his example, to assert its liberty."

"The essays which fill up the rest of the volume," our author observes, "have no

* This appellation is given in the article alluded to, to the astronomers that preceded *Sir Isaac Newton*.

necessary dependance on the disquisitions* to which they are subjoined, and perhaps will be read with some interest, by readers who have little relish for scholastic controversy."

These essays are arranged in two *classes*, divided under four grand heads, those are sub-divided into *chapters*, and in some instances sections: a method which we think in philosophical works peculiarly consistent with their first object; as it introduces that *perspicuity* which is so absolutely necessary in pursuing *disquisition*, through the medium of *observation*.

"Essay the first, of the first part, is, *On Locke's account of the sources of human knowledge, and its influence on the doctrines of some of his successors.*"

"Chapter first," consists of "*introductory observations*," which, by explaining a passage of *Cicero*, "*Magni est ingenii revocare mentum à sensibus et cogitationem à consuetudine abducere*," to which power of directing the attention, *Mr. Locke* and his followers have very properly given the name of *reflection*, smooth the way to the other elucidations.

"Chapter second," treats "*of the inconsistency of our conclusions in the foregoing chapter, with Locke's account of the origin of knowledge.*"

Chapter third, "*Influence of Locke's account of the origin of our knowledge, on the speculations of various eminent writers since his time, and particularly on those of Berkley and Hume.*"

Chapter fourth, is "*a continuation of the same subject, upon which we must remark*, that *Locke* is a writer much more frequently *praised* than *read*; the fact is, that half his reasoning might have been abandoned, without any disadvantage to his principles; and his principles controverted, as they actually have been, without any diminution of the effect of his reasoning upon them. When men choose rather to turn their attention to *words* than *things*, heaven only knows how far the dispute will extend, or when it will finish! The controversies of the ancient councils, frequently upon subjects of little importance, which might indeed have been termed *mental playthings* and *oral exercises*, where *sense* was lost in a multiplicity of words, bear some analogy to the *philosophical* inquiries of many writers, subsequent to the reformation. Men of real genius have long since discerned, this *scientific inanity* and *literary exuberance*. *Voltaire* endeavoured to winnow the *chaff* of the *schools*, and others have *sifted* their productions with a view to extract the *pure grain*: if these essays contribute to so laudable a purpose, we shall exceedingly rejoice. At the same time, we must, in favor of the *size* of this volume, observe, that it was necessary to draw forth a number of *pages*, in order to encounter the *host* of *folios*, &c. upon which it observes. No prudent officer would risk a *sergeant's* guard, against a long line of armed battalions.

"Essay second, *on the idealism of Berkley.*"

"Chapter first," is "*on some prevailing mistakes with respect to the import, and aim of the Berkeleian system.*"

The note of *Hume*, noticed by our author, is indeed curious. "While he represents it as the common tendency" of the philosophy of *Berkley* and his own, "to lead to *scepticism*, he assumes to *himself* entirely the merit of this inference," which his philosophical works engendered the moment they were read.

"Chapter second, *section first. On the foundation of our belief in the existence of the material world, according to the statement of Reid—strictures on that statement.*"

"Section second, *continuation of the subject, and indistinctness of the line drawn by Reid, as well as by Des Cartes and Locke, between the primary and secondary qualities of matter; distinction between the primary qualities of matter and its mathematical affections.*"

"Essay third, *on the influence of Locke's authority upon the philosophical systems, which prevailed in France during the latter part of the eighteenth century.*"

"Essay fourth, *on the metaphysical theories of Hartley, Priestley, and Darwin.*"

We have passed over these essays with less observation than perhaps it may be thought their subjects were entitled to for two reasons: first, because they are in some degree a continuation of that chain of examination and reflection upon which we have already remarked, in contemplating the prefatory dissertation; and secondly, because

* This must allude to the latter essays; for certainly the first four have a very material dependance on the dissertations.

it was, from the extensive range our ingenious author has taken, impossible to contract their contents, and the observations that must naturally arise from them, within any *reasonable space*: perhaps we might urge a third reason equally cogent with either of the others; which is, that so abstract are their speculations, so abstruse are their subjects, that to follow their flights, or to disentangle their intricacy, would demand, instead of a few columns of this magazine, at least, a tolerable-sized volume, and ultimately increase the evil which we have already deplored. Over the remaining essays that compose this work, our author has, as his subjects allowed, strewed a greater number of *flowers*: whether we shall have space to collect many of them, will be the object of future consideration.

(To be continued.)

The Poetical Works of Anna Seward: with Extracts from her Literary Correspondence. Edited by Walter Scott, Esq. In three volumes, 1810.

(Continued from page 124.)

Having, in our last, quoted, from the biographical preface to this work, such passages as we deemed necessary to give some, though, perhaps, a faint, idea of the life of this amiable and ingenious poetess; we now proceed slightly to remark upon her productions; for we only need slightly to examine them, because they have, in most instances, been already published, and, consequently, have, at least the far greater number of them, already passed the *ordeal* of *criticism*, and received that applause which is, unquestionably, due to their merit.

Yet, although we state that her works have, generally speaking, been already published, it will, of course, be understood, that we only mean her poetical effusions; the extracts from her literary correspondence, which form a part of this volume, are, as the reader will, from the nature of the thing, suppose, *entirely new* to the world.

How far it is right, *at any time*, to publish *familiar letters*, except, as was, we believe, the case in this instance, at the *desire* of the *testator*, it is now *too late* to consider: custom has rendered this practice so common; correspondence betwixt eminent persons is read with such avidity; the world is so pleased with the idea of seeing human beings, in the habits of friendly intercourse, divested of that parade, and assumption of character, under which, more or less, every one appears in public, communicating their thoughts and observations, and, as *Goldsmith* says, opening "their hearts to each other,"* that we wonder very little a practice should prevail which indulges a propension, that exists in many, to *pry into* those *secrets*, which, sometimes at the expense of the feelings of *relatives* and *friends*, are divulged for their *amusement*. These observations, elicited by occasion rather than necessity, however they may sometimes apply, do not, in the smallest degree, affect the letters before us; the ingenious editor of which had a commemorative, and, we think, an arduous task to perform. From a mass of papers he seems to have selected with great propriety, and extracted with great discretion. The epistles on literary subjects do honour to the *ingenuity* and *critical acumen* of the fair writer: we are particularly pleased with those which contain remarks on the "*New Eloisa*;" a correct judgment is displayed in her observations; spirit and truth are impressed upon her characteristic delineations; while the purest morality and delicacy support her conclusions. Whether there is not a little of what Richardson terms *femality* in her admiration of *Petrarch*, we shall (although we could say *much* upon the subject) leave the ladies to determine.

"A gentleman," says Miss S. "danced with me at our last assembly, who had explored this valley," (Vaucluse,) "and seemed pleased to see me eagerly listen to his descriptions of its features. He also contrived to give me some idea of those applauded sonnets. I long to see a fine translation of them into our own language.

"How I regretted every summons to join the dance with a partner so capable of making the conversational interlude the most agreeable part of the evening's amusement!"+

* Good-natured Man.

+ How doth my *gestic* inclination fail:
Cecilia's notes would scarcely now prevail;
Emotion powerful in my bosom glows;
My ears absorb the story of those woes,
Which erst the all-accomplish'd *Petrarch* sung,
When to his *Laura's charms* his lyre he strung,
And *Sylvio* now in accents soft repeats.
I feel their force; my heart in concert beats.
Oh, how I long, could I my pleasures choose,
To thrid the mazes of thy vale, *Vaucluse!* M.

A very pleasing feature in these letters is, that their author slides with the greatest ease from *criticism* to *instruction*. This is particularly apparent in that dated November 1762, which begins with observations on the poems of *Ossian*: of these she gives a very just opinion; and then, without any obvious effort, artfully changes her subject, and cautions the young lady to whom she writes against the addresses of a gentleman who had been attentive to her. Every romantic fair has, almost intuitively, become possessed of this line of Otway's,

"When a man talks of love, with caution trust him:"

but such reflections and instructions as the following could only have arisen from accurate observation.

"You start, and repeat what you said in your last, that you do not think there is any strong affection on either side. He has not yet declared himself your lover; he has 'only been attentive, respectful, insinuating!'

"Dangerous wretch!—For is he not a libertine? and do we not know, from the destiny and feelings of one dear and amiable friend, from those pensive smiles which so superficially cover an aching heart, how incompetent even the kindness of a libertine husband" (is) "to the happiness of a woman of delicacy.

"A being of this order may temporarily assume that softness of manners which, a little observation will teach him, is necessary to subdue the heart of such a woman as yourself; but he is incapable, after they have obtained their purpose, of preserving this refined respect and engaging tenderness. The habits of his life militate against them; and those will resume all their wounding coarseness in the bosom of security.

"If he should treat you after marriage with tolerable kindness and good nature, it is the best you have reasonably to expect. What counterpoise in the scale of happiness can be formed by that *best* against the delights you must renounce in the morning of your youth? The bright prospects of hope, whose animating charm is heightened by uncertainty, and those precious hours from seventeen to twenty-one, which an intelligent young woman will employ in such a cultivation of her talents as shall accomplish her for the companion of a man of sense and knowledge; for the momentous task of educating her children properly, when she becomes a mother; and give her the pleasing power of diffusing the spirit of intellectual refinement wherever she goes, and of providing better resources against the lassitude of declining life than can be supplied by that annihilator of ideas, the card-table.

"My dearest friend, take your resolution in time. Love is seldom to be subdued, except at its first onset: and every hour by which you stay within eye-shot of the enemy renders the victory more doubtful. Justly does Madame d'Enclos observe, that 'in the amorous warfare, the Parthian is the best discipline.'"

We shall close our observations on the correspondence of Miss S. with the quotation of the far greater part of one letter, which we think it necessary to introduce, because, while it gives an elegant specimen of the taste and talents of the fair author, and is, in some degree, the sequel to the *above extract*, it also recalls to our remembrance persons whose characters it, at all times, affords us pleasure to contemplate.

"*Lichfield, Feb.* 1763.

"You tell me, I had but too faithfully conceived the situation of your mind on going into public circles; and you tell me also, that he, whose image thus perpetually intrudes on your imagination, has been repeatedly, by your order, denied admittance on his morning visits, though you could not see him walk up to the door, and return from it, as you sat reading in the parlour, without feeling very distressing emotion; that, but for my reasoning on the subject, you know not if you could have kept your resolution. Ah! how it gratifies me to hope that I may have been the means of preserving my friend from a destiny unworthy of her virtues.

"You saw him afterwards at the play, and replied to the regrets he expressed about never finding you at home only by a distant curtsey. Brava! my charming heroine! The victory seldomest and hardest to be obtained will be yours.

"Of what flowers shall I twine your wreath of triumph? The warrior has his laurel, the poet his bays, the lovers have their myrtle; but of the amaranth, the unfading amaranth, should her garland be formed, in whose consideration the peace of the future prevailed over the delights of the present.

"You insist upon my saying more of myself in this letter; observe, that you hear I have often written verses, and question me concerning their subjects. There will be no great difficulty in obeying you. Self-love, which has neither soul-harrowing sorrow, nor cutting mortification to reveal, seldom finds the path of egotism thorny: your partial estimation of my talents, and your question about my verses, now point to that path. If your attention should grow weary in following me through its mazes, you must thank yourself.

"It is true that I have written verses; but it is not true that I have written them often. A propensity of that sort appeared early in my infancy. At first my father encouraged it, but my mother threw cold water

on the rising fires; and even my father ceased to smile encouragement upon these attempts after my sixteenth year, in which Dr. Darwin unluckily told him, that his daughter's verses were better than his; a piece of arch injustice to my father's muse, which disgusted him with mine.

"Some few people, besides yourself, have fancied that I have genius. Whether they are or are not mistaken, it cannot be for me to determine; but, certainly, Lichfield is now an inauspicious soil for nourishing to maturity that sensitive plant.

"It is true I dwell on classic ground, within the walls which my father's family inhabits. In this very dining-room, Mr. Walmsley, with the taste, the learning, and the liberality of Mæcenas, administered to rising genius the kind nutriment of attention and praise. Often to his hospitable board were the school-boys, David Garrick and Samuel Johnson, summoned.

"The parents of the former were of Mr. Walmsley's acquaintance; but those of the latter did not move in his sphere.

"It was rumoured, that my mother's father, Mr. Hunter, had a boy of marked ability upon his forms. The huge, over-grown, mis-shapen, and, probably, dirty stripling, was brought before the ablest scholar and the finest gentleman in Lichfield, or its environs, who, perceiving far more ability than even rumour promised, placed him at his table, not merely to gratify a transient curiosity, but to assure him of a constant welcome.

"Two or three evenings every week, Mr. Walmsley called the stupendous stripling, and his livelier companion, David Garrick, who was a few years younger, to his own plentiful board. There, in the hours of convivial gaiety, did he delight to wave every restraint of superiority formed by rank, affluence, polished manners, and the dignity of advanced life; and there, 'as man to man, as friend to friend,' he drew forth the different powers of each expanding spirit by the vivid interchange of sentiment and opinion, and by the cheering influence of generous applause.

"Another circumstance combined to heighten the merit of this patronage. Mr. Walmsley was a zealous Whig: my grandfather, then master of the free-school, perceiving Johnson's abilities, had, to his own honour, taken as much pains with him as with the young gentlemen whose parents paid a high price for their pupilage; but my grandfather was a Jacobite, and Sam Johnson had imbibed his master's absurd zeal for the forfeit rights of the house of Stuart, and this though his father had very loyal principles; but the anxiety attendant on penurious circumstances, probably, left old Johnson little leisure or inclination to talk on political subjects.

"His son, I am told, even at that early period of life, maintained his opinions on every subject with the same sturdy, dogmatical, and arrogant fierceness, with which he now overbears all opposition to them in company.

"At present, we can well conceive the probability of his dogmatism being patiently supported by attending admirers, awed by the literary eminence on which he stands. But how great must have been Mr. Walmsley's love of genius, how great his generous respect for its dependant situation, that could so far restrain a naturally impetuous temper, as to induce him to suffer insolent sallies from the son of an indigent bookseller, and on a subject which, handled by people of his own rank, he would have dashed back in their faces with no small degree of asperity!

"My father wrote the following epitaph on Mr. Walmsley: I send it to you, because it is, what epitaphs seldom are—characteristic. I am sure you will be interested in conceiving a just idea of the first patron of our modern Roscius, and of the illustrious author of the Rambler.

"Reader, if science, truth, and reason, charm;
If social charities thy bosom warm;
If smiling beauty ope thy heart and door;
If Justice style thee guardian of the poor;
Firm to Britannia's liberties and laws,
If Freedom fire thee in their sacred cause;
With sympathetic grief these relics see;
Yet think not Walmsley's dead—he lives in thee.

"But if thy country's rights thou wouldst betray,
And barter laws for arbitrary sway;
If, Briton-born, thy soul's a Gallic slave;
Start from his tomb he would, and call thee fool and knave."

Three of the letters of the Rev. *William Mompesson*, rector of *Eyam, Derbyshire*, have been already published in the XXIVth Volume of this Magazine:* they certainly are, what Miss S. states them to be, "pious, affectionate, mournful, and pathetic;" and, therefore, we have, like her, lamented, that the just sentiments they contain should be obscured by the inelegance of their style, and frittered away by the quaintness of their phraseology.

We can only from this volume, for the reason that we have already stated, extract one poem, which was written by Miss S. at the age of eighteen, in order to give the reader an idea of her early genius, although there are many others that we equally wish to transcribe.

"Portrait of Miss Levett.

"Tho' lovely Stella's pleasing features show
Nor Phydian symmetry, nor Titian glow;

* Pp. 63, 118, 119.

"Yet mind imparts, their transient charms to foil,
Life to her glance, and magic to her smile.
"When serious tender, and when gay serene;
Consummate elegance in all her mien:
To her the youth from vaunted beauty flies;
And for the graces, in their favourite, sighs:
They, in the very ribbands that o'ershade
Her lively brows, her auburn tresses braid,
Infuse, with playful spirit all their own,
The power resistless of the Cyprian zone.
"Her dress, her air, her accent, to attain,
See emulative fair ones strive in vain;
While sires and matrons in attention vie,
And watch the rising archness of her eye:
E'en envious maids, in life's deserted wane,
Look half as pleas'd as if belov'd again;
Lose, as they listen, all their sullen cares,
Remit their scandal and neglect their prayers.
Round the grave scholiast as her spirit plays,
Behold him chase it thro' its brilliant maze,
And sexual pride subdued, at length disown
The salique law for wit and fancy's throne."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A short Treatise on the Passions illustrative of the Human Mind. By a Lady. In 2 volumes, 12mo. 1810.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Ladies are, in general, but indifferent philosophers. *Goldsmith* used to tell a story of a beautiful girl of sixteen, who had no idea the heart could beat to any other tune than that excited by the sensations of love. But, indeed, as we have before observed, the fair-sex have, in this age, so many other sources from which they can draw both amusement and instruction, that they may very well leave *logic* and *metaphysics* to us; and we, Heaven knows, sometimes make a sad hand of them. That there are some ladies who, like *Artemisia*, read "*Malebranche, Boyle*, and *Locke*;" and, through the *media* of *vigorous* and *vivacious* understandings, pursue their satellites, till they sometimes make

The little *stars* hide their diminish'd rays,

is most unquestionable, and, perhaps, if, subject to certain allowances, we were to attribute these volumes to a professoress of that class, we should barely do the fair writer of them justice: they, as the reader will gather from their titles, are a pair of bouquets, composed of all the *flowers* and *weeds*, implanted by the hand of Providence in the human mind. Of course, many of these are of *noxious, deleterious*, and *baleful*, as others are of *emollient, antispastic*, and *antidotal* qualities: they are *bound* with a paper, upon which is labelled Preface: from this, as it explains the design of the work much better than we could do, we shall quote a few passages.

"The design of the following pages is to facilitate the knowledge of man by a physical analysis of the passions, shewing their rise, relation, and tendency; that when you perceive a person possesses such a passion, you may expect such another *along* with it, and so gain an insight into character. Thus, a fearful man is often suspicious, cold-hearted, and sometimes covetous. But, as these inferences are not invariable, and as the varieties of human fate include circumstances which operate against natural propensities, the rise of such analogies is rather to shew what was natural, than what is habitual."

* * * * * *

"This work is divided into four parts. Part the *first* contains general introductory matter, such as leads us to place in order the principles which contribute to form the character of man.

"Part the *second* treats of such passions as shut up the character, and repel. Vice and virtue form no distinction in the order in which the passions are here treated, because the analysis which is here given is physical.

"Part the *third* consists of such passions as tend to open the mind, and lead to communication, whether virtuous or not.

"Part the *fourth* is a summary of the whole, and speaks of such as are formed by the united influence of circumstance, passion, and reason."

In the Introduction, *the Lady* observes, as a thing unquestionable, that the poetry of Greece owed many of its *luxurious graces* to a religion which nourished, and almost inspired poetry; "while the *grim* mysteries which belong to the *Brahmin* mythology naturally damp the genius of the nation." Now it does happen, that the *mythology* of the *Hindoos* is much better calculated to produce enthusiasm, to elicit the energies of genius, and, consequently, to *inspire* poetry, than that of the *Greeks*, of which it was, indeed, the parent. This is fully evinced by the sublime effusions of *Hafiz*, and of other Oriental poets, that have been transmitted to us.

In contemplating the pursuits of civilized life, we cannot help observing, that our fair author is rather, with respect to *professional character*, fastidious.

"The church," she says, "tends to narrow and inflate the heart."

We do not quote her subsequent observations, because we think that they do most exceedingly want revision.

"The life of a SOLDIER, except in actual service, is," in her opinion, "the most frivolous, unmeaning, and often servile, avocation, to which a man can devote himself."

* * * * * *

"But of all baleful professions," she asserts, "PHYSIC is the most destructive to *morality* and *feeling*."

Feeling the pulse is a branch of *symptomatic philosophy*: the assertion is a *bitter pill*: how the faculty will *take* it, it is not our business to inquire.

"The popular prejudice is equally against *trade*; not only *shopkeepers*, but *merchants*, are supposed to be equally devoid of *honour* and *generosity*."

Are these things so? We have been taught the very reverse of such principles: but if they are, our fair lady will have studied the philosophy of the human mind to some purpose, if she can lay a plan for their correction.

"Public offices," she proceeds, "are a fatal snare of corruption. It is seldom found that an opportunity of malversation is resisted. The force of public honour is too feeble to counteract the temptation of private emolument. Public officers perceive every one around them peculating, and they piously conclude it is as well to have a share."

Seriously to reprobate this *general* assertion, would, we conceive be a most reprehensible waste of time: but we must observe, that if it *was correct*, which it certainly is not, no government could exist a week.

Having shewn the professions which our fair lady dislikes, we shall now mention one to which, if she is yet single, she means, we presume, to attach herself.

"Of all the species of occupation which come under the idea of trade, that of a gentleman who farms his own estate seems most exempt from vice: in the first place, it engages the mind amidst those natural and retired scenes, which, by the suffrage of all mankind, have, for ages, been thought peculiarly favourable to virtue and innocence."

This, however plausible, has no solidity. Gentlemen who farm their own lands like, as well as the veriest *Badgers* in our markets, to obtain as high a price for their commodities as can be obtained: indeed, a kind of *speculative sharpness* has, from the circumstances of the times of late years, become *absolutely necessary*. If the *golden age* was restored, perhaps something might be said upon this subject; at present,

Homo homini lupus.

Although there is nothing very new in the *characteristics*, yet, from the manner in which the author has treated many propensions of the human mind, she has produced an interest that renders her work, generally speaking, though not faultless, in some degree *instructive*. We shall quote two of the shortest sections, which will give the reader a competent idea of her style and manner; observing, at the same time, that the poetry, in most parts, would *bear correction*.

"*Arrogance.*

"With boisterous step and roughest accent,
He boils for ever like the restless deep,
Or rolls along like thunder in the clouds:
He grasps dominion over equals;
And lives a short uncertain day of power,
Amidst rebellion's hurried tumult."

"ARROGANCE is of a more active and loquacious nature than pride. Pride may long exist in great force without being detected; but no one can pass over the obvious traces of arrogance. It is much less complex than pride, and generally bears its own unquestionable insignia, and goes by its own name. But though the possessors of it occupy but a low rank in the scale of the creation, they are commonly excessively aspiring, and think not any elevation beyond their deserts. They are nuisances when they command, and sink into nothing when they serve.

"The activity of arrogance is more glaring than that of pride. All its gratifications are strongly marked. It seizes upon none but obvious objects; and though it may be disguised in servility, whenever it does break forth, it is with indubitable evidence. It is unfavourable to the understanding, and also to the temper. It is sensual.

"The coward's boast, the tyrant's hateful rod,
The scourge of man and mockery of God,
The pride of fools, and pity of the wise,
Is arrogance, with broad and glaring eyes,
The noble soul with so deform'd a fiend,
Could never in alliance deign to blend;
For real courage still to mildness turns,
And arrogance in coward's bosom burns."

"*Envy.*

"Envy—eldest born of hell! *Milton.*

"This rancorous passion will sometimes force its way into very exalted minds; though it is a received notion, that envy resides with the mean and impotent.

"It is itself an energy. It is an ambition that cannot bear to be transcended, and, therefore, seems naturally to belong more to the strong than to the weak; yet the strongest of all are those philosophers who count all human greatness beneath courting, and therefore are neither envious nor ambitious. *Caracalla* * could not envy when he cultivated cabbages. Envy is unfavourable to the understanding, because it dwells upon its object; it is unfavourable to the temper. It is sensual, but withers every thing it approaches."

Preceptor and his Pupils, Part the Third; or, the most familiar Synonymes in the English Language critically and etymologically illustrated. For the Use of Schools and private Students. By George Crabb. 1 vol. 12mo. 1810.

It will, perhaps, be recollected, that we formerly reviewed † a specimen of the *well-directed* labours of *Mr. Crabb* (which was, indeed, *a Part* of the present work): of that we spoke, as the importance of its subject, and the manner of its execution, demanded, very favourably; and have no reason, from the examination of the volume now before us, to alter that opinion.

There is not, as we have *experimentally* observed, any part of *grammar* more necessary to be impressed upon the *juvenile mind*, than the proper *use of words*: children, from many circumstances, such as the *simple dialect* of *their nurses*, the *vulgar idioms* of *servants*, or the still more *vulgar language* which they occasionally hear in *the streets*, are very often in the habit of acquiring, in their earliest years, vicious modes of speech, which, at more advanced periods, it is extremely difficult to eradicate; they, consequently, both misconceive and misuse *words*; and we are sorry to add, that this *childish slipslop*, those *infantile blunders*, is, and are, much more frequently a source of *parental mirth*, than of *parental reprehension*: yet it is certain, that such *oral deviations*, if suffered to continue unremarked, harden into habits, and fix, indelibly fix, the *vernacular errors* of *infancy* upon the minds of *maturity*.

To correct these errors, to systematize language, and to prevent those *grammatical slips*, which every one must have observed, even where they could least have been expected, has (in common with those of many other *preceptors*) been the aim of *Mr. Crabb*: he has led his *pupils* up the acclivity of *science* by *regular gradations*; and this work, in the elementary scale, consequently ascends a *step* higher than his former. Of all things, the *synonymes* of the English language are, by children, the most difficult to be understood: but, we think, in this small volume, the *Preceptor* has produced examples *so easy*, *so simple*, and, of course, *so comprehensive*, that if by *pupils* properly attended to, the difficulty will no longer remain.

* This is a sad blunder either of the author or printer: the name should be *Cincinnatus*.
† Europ. Mag. Vol. LII. p. 303.

The Associate Minstrels. 8vo. 1810. pp. 214.

Man is a gregarious animal. When he first sprang from earth, his wise and benevolent Maker deemed him fit for, and worthy of, society. His noble faculties, called into energetic exercise by circumstances where all was novelty, delight, and innocence, were not doomed to waste their sweetness on the unpeopled solitude. Rocks and hills, the wood and stream, might echo his morning and evening orison; but the kindred voice of human speech, and the congenial mind-divine, were yet wanting, to sympathise with him in the entrancing scene. A companion was allotted him: one not merely allied to his corporeal existence, but who participated in his moral and intellectual endowments, and who, in sharing them, partook of the noblest enjoyment of human life—"the communication of knowledge, and the reciprocation of sentiment." We were led to this reflexion by the title of the work now before us. A small and ingenious band of mortals, under a name dear to lovers of song, and with not a little of its genuine character, have attuned their harps in unison to "the concord of sweet sounds," and claim from the public a listening ear. Poetry, in her loftiest invocations, often "converses with the spheres;" summons from the ideal world its forms and fancies; or, if visiting this "dædal globe," dwells only with "knighthood's dauntless deed:" yet does she, in her hallowed strains, minister to man in the humbler scenes of his earthly pilgrimage: she lifts from its deep abyss of woe the drooping spirit, gives interest to the innocent recreations of life, or illuminates with

her pure and benign ray the confines of friendship. The Associate Minstrels have struck their lyre to scenes chiefly of the latter description. As specimens of their melody, we shall make a few extracts, occasionally subjoining a remark. The first and the longest poem is on Silence: among the descriptions given of its influence, in scenes where its power is acknowledged, the following are deserving attention:

"No voice has Silence?—Not if sound alone
Can to another's heart disclose our own;
Utter our woes; or, when our souls rejoice,
Vent the full bliss. But Silence HAS a voice.
When the fixed eye has seen the form it lov'd
With the last throb of ebbing nature mov'd,
And still is fix'd, as loth the sight to leave,
'Till lingering Hope no longer can deceive,
'Till all is o'er, and the fond ear in vain
Listens to catch the faint short breath again;
Has she no voice? What eloquence of speech
Can like her simple, heartfelt language teach?"

* * * * * *

"Hush'd is the voice which o'er the op'ning tomb
Spake the sweet promise of a world to come:
The white-rob'd priest has blest the weeping train,
Who mournful seek their sadden'd home again.
How the heart shudder'd at the creaking cord!
The pattering earth o'er kindred ashes pour'd!
Then Silence reign'd, and mute was every tongue;
While awe-struck Mirth forsook the sable throng—
Here, Silence! here thy triumph is complete!
On this new grave I'll share thy sacred seat.
Let Fear unlock the fetters of the dead,
And call his grisly phantoms round my head;
Let moonlight spectres circle the dark yew,
And all that gothic Folly tells be true:
Here will I sit with thee. My soul shall dwell
On the dark secrets of the mould'ring cell;
Then upward dart, and, shaking off her gloom,
Look down with smile triumphant on the tomb."

* * * * * *

"When Deity to man his chariot bent,
Tho' many an awful harbinger he sent,
Silence succeeding, hush'd the angry peals,
And cast her mantle o'er the flaming wheels.
When the blest man of God, the deathless seer,
On Horeb stood, the will of heaven to hear,
Lo! first the herald wind, loud roaring, past,
But the Eternal rode not on the blast:
An earthquake then call'd Nature to prepare
To meet her Sovereign; He appear'd not there:
And now a fire upon the mountain plays;
But th' Almighty is not in the blaze:
And last a still small voice the Prophet heard;
And, silent, trembled at Jehovah's word.
In silent flow his endless goodness streams;
In silent progress move his mighty schemes;
In silence Providence his will performs,
Bids earth to blossom, or prepares his storms."

There is very considerable merit in the above lines. The expressive, but silent, eloquence of friendship while watching the last faint glimmerings of life in the beloved relative or friend is well drawn; and the no less poignant, yet mute, grief of survivors, who stand around the precincts of the grave which is to entomb their dearest hopes and delight, and then return to the now unsocial hearth, bereft of its life and ornament, is exhibited in verse much in the excellently descriptive tone of "The Village." An epithet, however, more expressive than *saddened* home might have been afforded to denote the most afflictive circumstance connected with home which the condition of man presents. In the succeeding stanza, beginning with the words, "When Deity to man his chariot bent," the law-dispensing Jehovah appears under a more attractive form than that in which he is generally depicted on Horeb. A *mantle*, notwithstanding, unless made of the never-burning asbestos, does not appear very proper to throw over *flaming* wheels. The Minstrel, perhaps, had Elijah in his eye: but the historian has managed his narration better than the poet. When Elijah found himself in a chariot of fire, he very prudently threw away his mantle, and did not incautiously expose it to destruction, by bringing it in contact with *fervid* wheels. The word silent, as repeated at the conclusion, is skilfully conducted.

Our next quotation is from a poem intituled "The taper has quiver'd its last."

"The taper has quiver'd its last:
O Hope! must I bid thee farewell?
I must, for the mandate is past,
That consigns me in darkness to dwell.
In vain on mine eye-balls shall play
The blaze of meridian skies;
No sun shall e'er gladden my day;
No moon on my midnight arise.

"No more at the glories of dawn
Shall my bosom with ecstasy heave;
Farewell to the blush of the Morn,
And the smile of fond, lingering Eve!
Farewell to the sweets of the spring,
*Which she throws from her mantle of green;
The gale shall their fragrancy bring,
But, alas! they shall blossom unseen!

"The sun that gilds Memory's fields
Dispenses perpetual day;
The spring of the Fancy ne'er yields
To winter's deflowering sway:
The forms that once lovely appear'd
Still lovely in Memory bloom;
And the flowerets which Fancy has rear'd
Still blossom and smile on the tomb.

"My friend shall grow wrinkled and old,
And beauty all wither'd shall be;
But the change I shall never behold,
And age shall be beauty to me:
And Time shall so silently steal
When I sink into peaceful decay,
That I scarcely the evening shall feel,
But fancy it still to be day.

"Death's footsteps around I shall hear,
But view not the frown on his face;
Nor the features of her who was dear
Ever start in a stranger to trace.
Nor distance my friend shall remove;
Nor the grave my affections divide;
But still I will talk to my love,
And fancy her still at my side.

"This life's but a feverish dream—
And short is mortality's night;—
At the dawn of eternity's beam
I shall wake into transport and light.
O the wonders that hour shall unfold!
What glories around me shall blaze!
I the sun shall unclouded behold,
And for ever rejoice in his rays."

Did our space permit, we should willingly extract the whole of this piece. The Minstrel has delineated with pathos and elegance the sorrows and consolations of blindness; an affliction rendered sacred by a recollection of the illustrious sons of genius who have been its victims. In some degree, the lines remind us of Cowper's Alexander Selkirk. We particularly admire the fifth verse in its commencement. The approach of Death, whose footsteps are heard, but whose heart-appalling frown is invisible to the eye of blindness, is, to us, at once new and strikingly affecting: nor is the succeeding idea much inferior. The epithet "*fond*, lingering Eve," in the second stanza, is not very happy. Altogether, "The taper has quiver'd its last," merits high commendation.

The following lines from a poem to Memory are extracted, not because they present any very novel idea, but that they bespeak an acquaintance with Nature. The poet, now warm with youth and its enjoyments, entreats Memory to gild with her ray the evening hours of life.

"And when thy sacred treasury, the tomb,
Hath pour'd its shadows forth in long array,
Command this Eden of my youth to bloom,
And spread the landscape in thy moonlight ray.

"With pencil moisten'd in thy clearest hues,
Still o'er the thatch these truant ivies fling;
The bower's wild rose with softest blush diffuse,
Sweet with the fragrance of a distant spring.

"Yon winding lane, o'er-arch'd with woven sprays;
The broomy slope, expanding to the vale;
That casement, where eve's parting crimson plays,
And this old aspen, trembling to the gale:

"O paint them fair, as *now* my glistening eye
Roves o'er the scenes with Hope's deceptive thrill;
And, 'mid the gloom of life's descending sky,
'Twill shed one wat'ry gleam of pleasure still."

An address to Spring, contains many beauties. Among the minstrels, this writer appears to be the most constant and vigilant observer of nature's varied course.

"Borne on the earliest sunbeam hither bring
Thy woodland wreath, soul-renovating spring!
The wild wave from its icy prison flows,
And vernal winds have chased the northern snows:
Night has her clouds in even balance hung
O'er all creation's face, and bright-wing'd day
From pole to pole diffused an equal ray,
And pealing gusts old winter's knell have rung—

Then linger not, thou soft, enchanting spring!
Thee nature wooes her shattered lyre to string,
Where late the polar gale
With sadly-solemn wail,
Deep murmuring, shook his snowy feathered wing
And echo, wildly starting from her cave,
On the infuriate blast did madly rave."

The vicissitudes of life, that mixture of joy and pain! are thus alluded to:

"Ah! me to think so fair a form must fade!
To think thy lilied sceptre soon must fall,
And thine own roses deck thy funeral,
And nought remain but thy remembered shade!—
Sweet fugitive! in thee I seem to trace
The sad vicissitude that marks our years;
Gilded by happiness, or showered with tears:
And when sometimes an opening flower appears,
Soon does some scattering blast the blossom chase."—

The epithets in this poem are well chosen; this and other productions of the same writer evince superior taste and adherence to nature.

As we are approaching the period when the sun, descending from his northern throne, will yield his golden sceptre of empire to the iron crown of winter, the following stanzas will not be unacceptable. The introduction of Orion, in his refulgent armour as winter's sentinel, leaves on the readers mind a happy impression of security amidst the darkness and desolation of that gloomy season.

" For soon the wheels of winter's icy car
Shall crush these fragments of the shatter'd year;
Ev'n now, his hollow murmurs, from afar,
Proclaim the fury of his empire drear.
The echoing blast, his herald, blows;
His meteor torch blue-tinctured glows;
For nature's sleep he weaves a snowy vest,
And soon shall rock her languid frame to rest.—

The curl'd leaf, flitting on the blast,
The moaning gale, the shadowy sky,
Denote the sun's dominion past,
And shades of northern darkness nigh:
For Sirius gems the zone of night,
And, clad in giant armour bright
Orion, winter's sentinel, ascends
And o'er the sleeping world his watchful light suspends.

We regret that the limits to which it is necessary to confine the critical department of our miscellany do not suffer us to copy the maniac's song, the merits of which do not yield to those of any poem that we have extracted. Extracts might be easily multiplied; but enow have been already given, to shew, that the Associate Minstrels possess elevation of thought and elegance of expression. Piety, chaste morals, and the finer feelings of the heart, are always discernible, and not unfrequently sustained and ornamented by vigorous and pure diction. We would, however, remind them, that the lengthened measure of ten syllables, and even, as a concluding couplet, the Alexandrine line, are what best try the nerve and skill of a poet. Pegasus may, by a shortened rein, be fretted into a shuffling ambling pace; but it is the lengthened rein which can alone give to the steed a majestic and interesting motion. The verse of six syllables is within the compass of almost any poet. It is also one of the characteristics of good poetry, as in music, that the sound and sense should harmonize. No one has better described the delightful collision than the bard of Ednam, who, while tracing his Muse in her flight from season to season, has the following exquisite lines:

And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar,
To swell her note with all the rushing winds,
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great.

Every one familiar with Pope is acquainted with the far-famed line,

Up the high hill he heaves the huge round stone:

a line which, though sustained only by monosyllabic aid, has been commended by critics, as most powerfully expressing the ineffectual labours of Sisyphus. From the shell of Minstrelsy we should wish to hear many such majestic sounds. For the subsequent friendly admonition we hope to receive the thanks, rather than the censure, of the Associate Minstrels. A few years since, some poets, pretending uncorrupted fealty to Nature, approached Apollo's holy fane with invocations whose simplicity was adapted to the common routine of tea-table conversation, or the ears of garrulous superannuated nurses. To youthful imitators of these *simple* bards it may be said,

—"*Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto*"—

Youth is the season in which to form both moral and intellectual habit; and a profound critic has declared, that "False taste is always busy to mislead those who are entering the regions of learning."—In describing the collected offerings of Nature on the altar of Vertumnus (a theme worthy of the noblest effort), a couplet of higher dignity than the following may be expected:

" And *tiny* blossoms *do their best*
That weeping April may be drest."

A month with fewer lachrymal propensities than that of April would scarcely be prevailed on by such lines to dry up its tears; and if the flower-crowned God of Spring accepts this "*tiny*" oblation, it must be from pure compassion to the weakness of mortal worship. The heathen deities, more particularly Apollo, heed not the mite cast into the treasury of their temples. Other instances might

be adduced to prove, that some of our Minstrels throw a look of fond regret on the broken and scattered arms of a band who have been chased with ignominy from the hills of Parnassus by the giant-spears of the Northern phalanx. We can here expatiate with freedom, because the collective merits of the volume now reviewed are such as greatly to preponderate over the alloy discoverable in it. To conclude, we hope that this will not be the "last lay" of the Associate Minstrels, but that they will again cheer us in the toilsome track of criticism with the harmony of their song.

J. B.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* MEMOIR *of* BISHOP HURD, *respecting the Rev.* WILLIAM BUDWORTH, *his* PRECEPTOR.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for June, 1808, you gave a Portrait, with a Memoir, of the learned and venerable HURD, Bishop of Worcester. It is natural to feel interest in every thing relating to so truly great and good a man.—Being the only surviving nephew of the Rev. William Budworth, who educated him, the voice of Nature enforces me to desire you will do away, by publishing this, *such* impression as the following extract from your memoir must make, degradatory to the person, who I have ever understood *first* found out his scholar's extraordinary abilities, and nurtured them from his earliest years, until he went to the university:—and I feel too proud and tenacious of such a relation to allow the following extract to pass unnoticed:—and you, Mr. Editor, if you are connected with the little biographical sketch, must be glad to see it corrected.

The Memoir says—"He received at a country school *of no fame* the rudiments of an education, which was completed at Emanuel College," &c. &c.

Let that dignified person speak for himself, in his dedication of his *Horace* to Sir Edward Lyttelton, Bart. and which is a masterpiece, and independent example, how such (too usually fulsome) compositions should be exhibited.

"I had the honour to be intrusted with a part of your education, and it was my duty to contribute all I could to the success of it. But the task was easy and pleasant. I had only to cultivate that good sense, and those generous virtues, which you brought with you to the university, and which had already grown up to some maturity, under the care of a man, to whom we had both of us been extremely obliged; and who possessed every talent of a perfect institutor of youth, in a degree which, I believe, has been rarely found in any of that profession, since the days of QUINCTILIAN.

"I wish this small tribute of respect, in which I know how cordially you join with me, could be any honour to the memory of an excellent person,* who loved us both, and was less known, in his life-time, from that obscure situation to which the caprice of fortune oft condemns the most accomplished characters, than his highest merit deserved.

"It was to cherish and improve that taste of polite letters, which his early care had instilled into you, that you required of me to explain to you, the following exquisite piece of the best poet," &c. &c.

Sir Edward Lyttelton erected a monument to Mr. Budworth's memory, and a most beautiful and classical epitaph was written by Dr. Hurd; a translation of which, with the character of the master, may be read in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1792.

I must say farther of this "*no famed*" schoolmaster—he was the schoolfellow of *Samuel Johnson;* and before that philologist exhibited his gigantic intellectual powers in London, he had offered himself as an assistant to *William Budworth;* who, although he loved the man, and revered his abilities, declined reaping the advantage of them, in consequence of the nervous distortion of countenance he was afflicted with—fearful, as he said, "that the boys would either learn to † laugh at him, or to imitate him."

When I did myself the honour of introducing myself at Hartlebury, many years ago, to thank his lordship, in the name of my family, for the distinguished mention he had made of our relation, my name was a passport to the kindliest

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"* The Rev. William Budworth, head master of the grammar-school at Brewood, in Staffordshire. He died in 1745."

† *Vide* Boswell's and Murphy's Lives of Johnson.

reception—and he gave me some interesting information of a beloved father's only brother, which is engrafted in the memory. One or two instances shall be mentioned, and in his very words:—"Sir Edward Lyttelton and I were on our way to visit your uncle, when an express met us with the melancholy tidings that a fit of apoplexy had seized him, and almost instantly deprived us of a friend; he was not a good man only, but of the finest talents, and primitive in the use of them—I did love him; and, young soldier, you have reason to cherish his memory, and let his virtues be an example to you."

And as a continued proof of the mental excellency of this country schoolmaster, his lordship told me, that—"When Sir E. Lyttelton was of an age when boys of rank are generally fixed at great schools, he was sent to Eton; but he had so discriminating an opinion of the manner and talent his old master so strenuously exerted, he petitioned his father to remove him from Eton, and he returned to him again."

What need be said more—except the satisfaction I feel in the opportunity it gives, of embodying an obscure, but once intellectually useful, individual in the Miscellany, amidst whose pages the early instructor of DOCTOR HURD was so slightly and slurringly passed over.

A RAMBLER.*

Clifton, Bristol, Sept. 10, 1810.

* The respectability of the gentleman thro' whom we received this article, has induced us to take more notice of it than we should otherwise have deemed necessary; for it is, after more than two years have elapsed, certainly rather singular in its nature, as it exhibits a complaint against an expression which *we fear*, or, more properly speaking, *we hope*, our correspondent has *misunderstood*.

The writer of the Memoir of the late *Bishop of Worcester*, in saying that "He received at a country school of *no fame* the rudiments of an education which was afterwards complet d at Emanuel College," we are sure, meant no more than to infer, that the "school" was (*poetically* speaking) "unknown to fame," or, in *prose*, that it had not acquired that *academic celebrity* with which those great seminaries *Eton*, *Winchester*, *Westminster*, &c. are endowed: but this neither militates against the talents of the *master*, nor of his *pupils*.

"Full many a *gem* of purest ray *serene*,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

That *Brewood* is a market-town, has a *free grammar-school*, and was, even before the Conquest, the seat of a *bishop* and the site of a *monastery*,(*a*) we are not to learn; but that it is now of any very peculiar eminence, we, although we well know the county of Stafford, have never yet heard; notwithstanding that the masters of its school may, like the *Rev. William Budworth*, and some of its scholars, as in the instance of that truly excellent prelate *Bishop Hurd*, have supereminently distinguished themselves. At the same time that we make these remarks, we must observe, that the zeal for the literary reputation of his ancestor, and, however fastidiously expressed, for the seminary over which he presided, does our correspondent the highest honour; for we can, in concurrence with his *ideas*, aver, that we believe there have been, and *are*, *clergymen* at the head of "*country schools* of *no fame*," whose genius and talents would have dignified and adorned and will dignify and adorn any situation, either in the *church* or *state*, had any fortunate circumstance brought, or should any such bring them into notice.—EDITOR.

(*a*) Tanner, 500.

HINTS *respecting the* FAIRS *surrounding the* METROPOLIS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE following list of the most frequented fairs in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, will shew what opportunities are afforded the lower classes for injuring their morals and dissipating their property:—

Brook Green	3 days.
Barnett	3
Camberwell	3
Peckham	3
Greenwich—Easter and Whitsuntide	6
Croydon	3
Edmonton	3
Smithfield	4
Bow	3
Chiswick	3
Ham	2
Charlton (Horn Fair)	2
Fairlop	1
Harlow Bush	2
Wandsworth	2
Brentford	3
West End	3
Parsons Green	2

"It may be truly said, that while these fairs last, intemperance, riot, and profligacy, know no bounds. Nocturnal dances succeed the dissipation of the day, and prove a copious source of seduction and debauchery. Such fairs

are, indeed, nuisances of the very worst description: they draw together in swarms those dissolute and disorderly persons who always abound in a great, populous, and dissipated metropolis; and who, on these occasions, sally forth to defraud the unwary, to corrupt the inexperienced, and to raise supplies by plunder and depredation."

A constant reader,

X. Y.

Account *of the* Royal Military Academy, Woolwich-Common, Kent.

[with a view.]

It is a circumstance that, contemplating nature upon the broadest and the most enlarged scale, strikes the philosophic mind with some degree of astonishment, that the Divine Providence should, after the fall of man, have produced, in the general system, a kind of ferocious propension, that rendered it absolutely necessary for all creatures, below the human species, to be furnished with the means of *offence*, and of *defence*: from man alone these were withheld, and, therefore, he has been considered as the *most helpless* of all created beings. This has become the more apparent the further he has been removed from savage existence; while his imbecility, which, in his original state, rendered him liable to the attacks of beasts of prey, probably first impelled him to use the reason with which he was endowed, in order to form those instruments that were necessary for their repulsion and final destruction. In consequence of this necessity, warlike weapons were invented. To this cause, *the sling, the bow, the javelin, the spear*, and many others, owe their origin. The forms of these were, of course, rude at first, but they improved as *their use* became more apparent: for when men were thus armed, it is to be lamented, that they did not turn their force entirely against beasts of prey, or animals destined for their food; but the human passions intervening, and contentions arising, they pointed their arms against each other: horde against horde, clan against clan, and nation against nation, stimulated either by *revenge* or *avarice*, engaged in warfare. It was then found, that personal safeguards and places of retreat were wanted. The caps of skins, *shields* or *bucklers* of *wicker*, and the caverned rocks, at first afforded them the means to ward off blows, and to retreat from the assaults of their enemies. As society extended, the *arts* improved: invention, ever on the wing, suggested the use of *armour*, brass or steel, and the safety of the mural city and stone-built fortress. *Military tactics* now became a *system*, and *military operations* a *science*, which passing through the kingdoms and states of the *ancient world*, with greater or less improvement as the aptitude or inaptitude of their inhabitants operated, appeared in the highest splendor at *Athens*, where the military laws were formed into a regular code, and establishments founded for the education of youth in the art of war; such as some that we shall presently have occasion more particularly to observe upon. The exercises which, under the sanction of the government, served either for forming the bodies, or improving the minds, of the *Athenian*, and indeed, generally speaking, the *Grecian youth*, were *dancing, music, hunting, fencing, riding, polite learning*, and *philosophy*. Of these we shall only notice those that were deemed warlike, which they practised in places that they called *Palæstra* or *Gymnasia*; and their description shews, that they were, in fact, *military academies*: of which establishments *Plato* has, in his book of laws, stated the importance.*

In the consequent operation of the political system of *Lycurgus*, the greater part of the male population of *Sparta* was educated in a *military academy*. At the early age of seven years, all those boys whose forms presented no impediment to the expansion of their growth, and the accession of their mental and corporeal strength, were arranged in classes, brought up together under the same discipline, and taught those arts, the practice of which was necessary in the field. Properly speaking, the very trade and business of the *Lacedæmonians* was war. Every thing had, with them, that tendency. *Arms* were the only exercise and employment of their youth. Their life was much less hard and austere in the *camp* than in the *city*; and they were the only people in the world, to whom the time of *war* was a period of ease and refreshment, because the reins of that severe government which prevailed at *Sparta* were somewhat relaxed, and the soldiers were indulged in a little more liberty.†

* Lib. viii, de Leg. pp. 832, 833.
† Plut. in Lycur. p. 50.

Among the *Romans*, a *military education* was interwoven with their laws, and involved in their political system. In the *Field of Mars*, a large plain pleasantly situated on the west bank of the *Tyber*, the ardent youth were exercised in feats of arms and activity. Here the *charioteers* contended in the rapid race, and the *cadets* were taught to hurl the spear, and to manage the horse. In fact, this was, in the best times of the *Romans*, the most famous military academy in the world. The decline of the *empire*, the barbarous warfare of the *Goths*, the *Crusades*, the rise of *chivalry*, and the singular conjunction of *love* and *war* that prevailed through the *dark ages*, caused a very considerable suspension in the course of public military education, and turned the study of tactics, in those periods when, from the *weight* and incumbrance of *arms* and *armour*, it would seem that *defence*, rather than *offence*, was the principle that pervaded the military mind, into private channels. Under the *feudal system*, the art of *manœuvring* was little thought of, and still less practised. In *real battles*, as in *tournaments*, the greatest glory that a *knight* could aspire to, was to unhorse his enemy. The *soldiers* that fought on foot were *peasants* and *slaves*, appendant to the *Fees* of their leaders, whose services were limited to a certain number of days, who fought without ardour, were scarcely subject to any regular discipline, and whose predominant desire appears, in many instances, to have been, to perform their tasks with as little *trouble*, and as much *safety* to themselves, as they possibly could. Under this system, for we will not allude to the irregular excursions of barbarous nations, the *Saracens* and *Turks*, for instances, the art of war seems, for several centuries, to have languished in *Europe*. The discovery of *gunpowder*, and the consequent introduction of *artillery* and *ordnance*, produced a total change in the whole military system; not only of *attack* and *defence* in the field, but of *fortification* and *besieging*. Of this transition the *French* were the first to avail themselves; under the auspices of military men, who may be deemed the fathers of the modern art of war, *mathematics* were united to *chemistry*, the *mechanical powers* more peculiarly connected with *civil architecture*, and a new species of *tactical* and *defensive* science operated upon the minds of the *European* world. About this period, 1461, the use of *artillery* became common in France, and a separate fund of 80,000 livres annually* was provided for the ordnance department.†

The hotels of the two companies of *Musqueteers*, which were, properly speaking, *military academies*, upon the largest and most expensive scales, were established in *Paris* about the year 1662, though the king did not declare himself the captain of those bands until 1665. How they improved in the military art may be learned from the speech of Louis XIII. to them after they had forced three intrenchments sword in hand at the pass of *Suza*. "*What always gives me pleasure in my musqueteers*," said the Monarch, "*is the gaiety and cheerfulness with which they march up whensoever they are ordered to attack.*"

In the commencement of the year 1751, Louis XV. founded, near Paris, a military school, in which five hundred young gentlemen were maintained, and educated in the art of war at his expense: it was principally designed for those whose parents had either died in the service, or who, if living, had not the means of providing for them.

The *Polytechnic* school, now existing, is somewhat of the same nature. The objects of this establishment are said to be triple; namely, to form *engineers*, to spread in civil society *enlightened men*, and to *excite talents* which might promote the sciences. It was said, at its formation, to have been time to *re-organize* the *corps* destined for public services, the greater part of which were, in point of study, wholly deficient. The *Military Academy* is at *Mézieres*, and was founded about the year 1794, upon the principle of engrafting into the juvenile mind the most correct notions respecting the *attack* and *defence* of places, and the governing maxims of the *military art*.

With respect to England, the encouragement of the study of *military tactics*, though they were taught, as the appellations of *Artillery Grounds* evinces, in several parts of the metropolis, did not originally form an item of the *ordnance expenditure*. The *Old Artillery Ground*, which extended from

* Equivalent to more than 33,000l. sterling.

† This is the first time that we read in history of ordnance estimates.

Devonshire to *Spital Squares*, had once,* in its centre, a *Military academy*, under the government of the *Constable of the Tower*, and the inspection of near three hundred *merchants*. In this place *King James I.* erected an armoury. This establishment, of which *King Charles II.* when *Prince of Wales*, was a member, was removed to the *New Artillery Ground, Bunhill-fields.* There are several *Artillery Grounds*, at least their names to be found, in *Tothill-fields*, and other places. But our principal *tactical school* and *naval depôt* is at WOOLWICH, Kent, which is the most ancient establishment of this nature in *England*. In the warren, where the artillery is all cast, stood also the *Royal Military Academy.*

This seminary was instituted in 1719, and the establishment finally in 1741; though there was anciently in or near to *Charlton* a school of the same nature, upon a much more contracted scale. The late academy was, like the present, under the inspection of the *Board of Ordnance*, designed for the education and instruction of young gentlemen intended for *Engineers*, and to preside over, and operate in, all the various important branches of the military service attached to commissions in the *Royal Artillery Corps.*

Upon the recollection of the talents and the virtues of a number of worthy, intrepid, and ingenious men (whom we have formerly known), who had received their education in this *Royal Military Academy*, and have risen high in rank, and become most deservedly eminent, in that useful and honourable corps, we could, as they are now no more, dwell with a melancholy kind of satisfaction, did our space permit: but enough, at present, of this subject: their names are enrolled in the long list of British heroes; their fame is emblazoned in the annals of their country; and their remembrance is still cherished in the bosoms of their descendants, *relatives*, and friends.

The NEW ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, to the VIEW of which we now refer our readers, is situated about a mile south from the town, on the upper part of *Woolwich-common*, which, with part of *Charlton-common*, adjacent, have been, within these few years, purchased by government. This *Academy* is appropriated to the higher, or, as it is termed, the *senior* department of the institution, and was first opened August 12, 1806. The entire expense of this structure is estimated at 150,000l. The *junior* department of this *Royal Military Academy* is, for the present, at *Great Marlow*, Bucks: but it is, we understand, in contemplation to erect a building similar to that which our Print exhibits, for the use of the younger students, or, as they are termed, *cadets*, on *Bexley-heath*, about four miles from Shooter's-hill.

The architecture of the building to which we have alluded is in the *Gothic style*; the centre is a quadrangle, with domed turrets at the corners; the wings connected with the principal part by small piazzas are, we presume, occupied by the apartments of the students, &c. The interior of this fabric, which does honour to the nation, is planned with the greatest attention to convenience; and the whole is, as we are informed, most admirably adapted for the various scientific purposes to which it is devoted.

* The last Prior of *St. Mary Spital* granted the *Old Artillery Ground* to the *gunners* of the *Tower*, for thrice 99 years. Henry VIII. gave the company a charter; 1585, the *merchants*, &c. of *London*, met in it to study and practise the *military art*; they volunteered their services in the year 1588; and some of them had commands in the camp at *Tilbury*.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I BELIEVE your constant reader N. S. will not find the lines he inquires for in any poem; but in one of Lord Chesterfield's speeches in Parliament. He said, "If I were to sport a Hudibrastic, I would say—

He that fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that's in the battle slain,
Will never rise to fight again."

His lordship, I suppose, had thought of Hudibras, canto iii. at line 605.

"In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat;
For those that run away and fly
Take place, at least, of the enemy."

I am, sir,
Your humble servant,
BILLY TWIGG.*

* The conjecture of our Correspondent *Mr. William Twigg* is *ingenious* and *plausible*: but still we are of opinion, that the lines in question are either in *Butler's Remains*, or some other works published in his time. We have seen them quoted, and referred to; but we have not time, at present, to search for them.—EDITOR.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

LYCEUM (*English Opera*), Sept. 3, was performed, for the first time, a Melo-dramatic Opera, intitled, "PLOTS! or, *The North Tower*," of which the principal characters were thus represented :—

Baron Hexamdale, father to Frederica ..	Mr. DOWTON.
Earl Malcolm, a Scottish Chieftain, in love with Frederica	Mr. HORN.
Gondibert, a foundling, in love with Frederica—the rightful heir of Malcolm....	Mr. PHILIPPS.
Oliver, a faithful servant to Gondibert ..	Mr. SMITH.
Austen, an old soldier, father to Laura	Mr. PENSON.
Arnulf, a gaoler in the Baron's castle	Mr. KNIGHT.
Lurcher, a low country fellow, a deer-stealer	Mr. OXBERRY.
Oswald, a confidential attendant of Earl Malcolm	Mr. J. SMITH.
Frederica, daughter to the Baron	Miss GRIGLIETTI.
Laura, daughter to Austen, and servant to Frederica	Miss KELLY.

SCENE—On the Borders of Scotland, and Northern Part of Northumberland.

The following is a sketch of the fable :—

The castles of Baron Hexamdale and of Earl Malcolm, are situated near each other. A hatred subsists between these two chiefs, the former having refused the hand of his daughter Frederica, which the Earl had solicited. Urged by revenge and love, he determines to enter her father's castle by night, and bear her away; for this purpose he employs a body of marauders to assist him in the enterprise. He is defeated in his purpose by the arrival of Gondibert and his man Oliver, the moment he and his party are entering the balcony of Frederica's pavilion. They follow the earl and his party to the chamber, rescue Frederica, and drive away the assailants. The baron is alarmed; he accuses Gondibert (whom he had reared an orphan in the castle, and had banished for his presumptuous love of Frederica) as the author of this attack, to claim the credit of his daughter's rescue, and orders him to be confined in the North Tower.—He there discovers an iron ring which opens a trap-door in the floor of the dungeon, and descends the subterranean passage as a means of escape.—By many winding passages he arrives at a cave beneath the castle of Earl Malcolm, whom he encounters, and by threats is induced to guide back the way he had descended; in doing this, he extinguishes the torch, fastens a door by which he entered, leaving the Earl and Oswald confined. Gondibert having thus effected his escape, presents himself before the Baron, discloses to him the situation of the Earl, who is secured by the Baron and his people. Austen discloses the secret of the Earl having destroyed his elder brother, and attempted to strangle his child (Gondibert), who is preserved by Austen, and laid in the path of the Baron, by whom he is fostered. Gondibert succeeds to his rightful inheritance, and receives the hand of Frederica.

From this simple story, aided by a few minor incidents, the author, Mr. S. J. Arnold, has produced a light, pleasing, piece, which received great applause, and had a considerable run.

The music, by Mr. M. P. King, was much and justly admired.

COVENT-GARDEN, *Sept.* 10—This elegant Theatre opened for the season, with "*The Beggar's Opera*," and "*Raising the Wind*." But, previous to relating the occurrences of the evening, it will be necessary to advert to circumstances which cannot but be still fresh in the memory of our readers. They will recollect, that in the treaty concluded last season between the Managers and the redoubtable O. P. Committee, it was stipulated by the latter, and agreed to by the former, in order to terminate the O. P. war, that the circle of annual or private boxes should be thrown open to the Public; and that the private boxes should be reduced to the same number as in the year 1802, being *three* on each side. In the course of the season, however, a Bill for re-building Drury-lane Theatre was introduced into the House of Commons, which contained a clause empowering the trustees to detach as many boxes for private admission as they chose. This Bill passed into an Act; and the Proprietors of Covent-garden conceiving, that if the agreement they had entered into were to be strictly fulfilled, they should not be upon fair terms of competition with the other House, determined to throw themselves on the generosity of the town. The appeal was accordingly made by Mr. Kemble in the address which closed the performances of the season. (See p. 60.) He then solicited from the

Public the favour of permitting the Managers to retain *seven* private boxes on each side, *i. e.* the same number as were in the former Theatre before the fire; and the applause with which the proposition was received, induced the Managers to think that the boon then solicited was granted; and this was the foundation of their subsequent arrangement. The boxes in *front* of what last season was the circle of private boxes, together with a very magnificent saloon attached to them, had been thrown open to the Public; but the side-boxes of that circle remained private, in number precisely the same as in the former Theatre. The house was filled at an early hour. Previous to the rising of the curtain, symptoms of dissatisfaction were perceivable; and as soon as the opera began, the uproar commenced. The cries of "No private boxes," "The whole contract," &c. resounded through the pit, rendering it impossible to hear the performances on the stage. At the close of the first act, Mr. Kemble appeared, and, with many interruptions, addressed the audience in nearly the following words:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, "At the close of last season, I was desired by the Proprietors of this Theatre to state to you some circumstances, on which they were anxious to have your pleasure. On that night, I was given to understand, by a most decided majority of a large audience, that the public were satisfied with the arrangements proposed." Here Mr. Kemble was interrupted by considerable clamour, and a cry of "Perform the contract." He resumed: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I neither said then, nor do I mean to say now, that a contract to the effect to which allusion has been made was not fully entered into: the Proprietors of the Theatre had no intention but of executing the contract in its spirit and letter. But circumstances occurred which produced such a change, that they conceived they might be justified in stating them to you, and submitting it to your feeling, whether the severity of the original contract might not be relaxed in their favour. They laid their statement before the house; they heard the public assent given plainly — decidedly — generously — to their request; they went to great expenses * for the public accommodation, from their full confidence in that unanimous assent; and they now submit it once more to the generosity and honour of the British public, whether the assent is to be retracted, and the proprietors subjected to a serious disappointment, and a most heavy expense." This speech which was delivered at intervals, and with interruptions from the audience which made it impossible to be distinctly caught, appeared to make impression. Mr. Kemble's delivery is never deficient in grace; and without meaning any unnecessary compliments to abilities which have already earned and received eminent praise, we must say, it would not be easy to equal the calm and manly self-possession by which he softened a large portion of an audience in a high state of irritation.

After his withdrawing, which was followed by an involuntary burst of applause, the tumult was partially renewed. The O. P. (now new-named the "Con—tract") dance was given on the benches of the pit; and "God save the King," was mingled with the chorus of Mat of the Mint's marauding song. The admissions at half price could not make much addition to the vociferation, mewing, hissing, and horrible complication of sounds, human and brutal, that issued from the audience.

The focus of discontent appeared to be, as in last season, in the centre of the pit.

The Play-bills of the next day were accompanied by the following notice:—

"With the utmost concern the Proprietors feel themselves compelled to make this address to the justice of the Public.

"In an appeal to the Town at the close of last season, a full and distinct description was given of the alterations proposed to be made in the new Theatre. This appeal was honoured with the general approbation of a very crowded audience: and the Proprietors, on the faith of this approbation, at a heavy additional expense (which they could but ill afford) have completed those alterations.

"The new Theatre (with much more space in the public boxes, and general accommodation in every respect improved) is now restored to the same arrangement with that of the old Theatre before the fire:—and the Public certainly will not desire that the Pro-

* The expense is estimated at not less than 7000l. This has been occasioned principally by the newly-formed communication for the public with the tier of boxes that are now laid open. A stone staircase has been made in lieu of the former which was of wood; and the two-shilling gallery has been much improved, by increasing the space over head.

prietors, with all their additional heavy encumbrances, should be reduced to a more disadvantageous situation than they stood in before that afflicting calamity. There is not one more annual box now, than there was in the old Theatre; and to that number, for many years, there never was heard the slightest objection.

"The Proprietors throw themselves on the characteristic justice and liberality of Englishmen; and in return for the great anxiety, expense, and responsibility, which they have cheerfully encountered, in order to contribute, on an extensive scale, to the Theatrical Entertainments of the metropolis, they respectfully solicit the patronage and support of the Public."

This respectful appeal, however, had no effect on the *liberality* of the *O. P. Con—tract* men. The annoyance to the peaceable part of the audience increased every night. Rattles, scurrilous placards, caricatures, and other mechanic aids, were brought again into play; and no word from the performers could reach the "tired ear."

Finding themselves now roundly accused of a breach of the contract, the Proprietors issued the following address to the public:—

"The Proprietors of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, in justification of themselves, do solemnly disavow any intention of violating the Contract made last season with regard to the Annual Boxes.

"*Some time before the close of the season, they called on us many of the Gentlemen as they knew, of the Committee with which was made the agreement, specifying that only three Annual Boxes on each side of the third circle of the Theatre were to be retained*,—and distinctly informed them, *that they were ready to carry that agreement, if insisted on, strictly into execution*; but at the same time told them, that they hoped, as the Legislature, in the Act for re-building Drury-lane Theatre, had recognized the right of letting Annual Boxes, and as, by the agreement, very great loss would be suffered by the Proprietors, without almost any advantage being gained to the general accommodation of the Town; *that on a fair and open appeal to the liberality of the Public, the rigid performance of that Treaty would be dispensed with.*

"The Proprietors, accordingly, on the concluding night of the season, made this appeal. They acknowledged the Contract which they had made; but solicited, as a boon from the Public, to be relieved from the weight of some part of it, and to retain the same number of Annual Boxes, as were in the old Theatre before the fire. *The general sentiment of the whole audience, expressed in loud applauses and acclamations, granted this boon.—On the faith of that sentiment in the Public, so expressed*, the Proprietors employed the whole summer in making very expensive alterations in the Theatre;—*on the faith of that sentiment*, they let the eight Annual Boxes in question for the present season, and immediately applied the rent received for them to the payment of part of the heavy debt they now labour under, in consequence of their zeal and exertions in erecting for the metropolis of their country confessedly the finest Theatre in Europe.

"The Proprietors could not foresee nor imagine that, at the opening of the Theatre, *another Audience* would demand the reversal of the Grant *unanimously conferred on them by a former one.* Most sincerely they regret their unfortunate mistake. No consideration, however, of emolument will induce them to risk the peace of the Theatre and of the metropolis: They, therefore, do explicitly declare, that next season, when they will again have returned into their possession, the eight Annual Boxes shall be given up, and let out, to the Public at large, as nightly boxes:—And the Proprietors request thus much indulgence of the Public, as the only means of extricating them from their present embarrassed situation."

But this concession, or modification, was equally unsatisfactory to the Shylocks of the Pit:

"By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond."

After trying the effect of remonstrances, appeals to candour and liberality, &c. all in vain, for one complete week, and fearing for the probable mischievous consequences of a tumult that was every night growing more and more alarming; on Tuesday the 18th, the Proprietors, to endeavour to restore the public tranquillity, issued a notice that the Theatre would be shut up for the remainder of the week, in order to make the necessary alterations; and that on Monday the 24th, it would again be opened, with the retention of only *three* private or annual boxes on each side.

Sept. 24.—The House re-opened (the private boxes having been reduced, as was agreed) with *The Exile* and *Mother Goose*; and we had the satisfaction of witnessing the complete re-establishment of tranquillity in the Theatre.

As soon as the stage-lights arose, there burst forth an enthusiastic peal of applause. The popular air of "God save the King" was called for, and at the conclusion was marked by three cheers. The rising of the curtain re-

ceived a similar token of respect, as if to ratify the peace which had thus been concluded; and all the principal performers received the warmest greetings on their respective entrances. The house was crowded, in every part, to excess; and the audience derived much mirth from some particular expressions put in the mouth of the Governor of Siberia, which they applied to the late proceedings of the O. P.'s.

Sept. 15. We must now go back a little in point of time, to state, that on this evening Mr. Colman's Theatre in the Haymarket closed, with the following Address, which was delivered by Mr. C. Kemble:

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" Although an extension of one month has been recently added to the annual licence for performances at this Theatre, so many obstacles now present themselves against an enjoyment of the grant, that the season must terminate this evening.*

" I am desired, by those in whom the management is vested, to offer you their very grateful acknowledgments for the favour and patronage they have experienced from a liberal Public:—their endeavours to merit a continuance of your support will be unremitting.

" The Performers also beg leave to express their sense of the generous encouragement you have afforded them during the summer; and thus, Ladies and Gentlemen, we most respectfully take our leave."

The second season of the *English Opera Company* at the Lyceum closed the same evening with an Address from Mr. Raymond (Acting Manager), of which the following is an accurate copy:

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" The second season of the English Opera will close with the performances of this evening. That the Proprietors have spared neither labour nor expense to render the amusements of this Theatre worthy your patronage, must be fully acknowledged by the applause with which you have honoured their exertions, and the novelty they have presented to you during a very short and limited season.

" In a period of thirteen weeks, three new Operas, three new Musical Entertainments, and two revived pieces, have received the stamp of your approbation; an exertion, considering the expense and mental labour necessary to render them worthy of your applause, which no other Theatre in this Metropolis has at any time paralleled.

" This, Ladies and Gentlemen, has been done to fulfil the promises held forth at the close of last season, " that every exertion should be made to render the English Opera worthy the protection of the English Nation." You have honoured those exertions with your applause, and the Proprietors are satisfied and grateful.

" In one particular, which relates to the English Opera, I wish to be clearly and distinctly understood. It is the desire of the Proprietors to emulate and excel, not injure, any other establishment of the same form; and while they thus candidly declare their intentions, they respectfully solicit your future support. A national institution which holds forth promises of protection, reward, and encouragement to national talent, must be fully supported by a *national feeling;* and if a tithe-part of that patronage which is bestowed on a foreign establishment by the wealthy part of this proud and happy country, should ever be extended to our native Opera, then is there every fair promise that English talent shall not only equal, but excel, that which at so enormous an expense is yearly imported from a foreign land.

" Satisfied with the encouragement which your liberality has bestowed on the exertions already made, the Proprietors pledge themselves to continue those exertions, and that no expense shall be spared to procure and cherish talent, wherever it may be found—and they have no doubt but that, where honourable emulation shall prevail, and where a desire to please is seen by you to exist in Proprietors, as well as Performers, your future encouragement will be such as to enable them to make the English Opera a national ornament.

" In the name of the Proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, and of the Performers, who, individually, have requested me to return their sincere thanks for the kind attention and applause with which you have honoured their labours, I respectfully bid you farewell."

Sept. 20. The Drury-lane Company re-commenced operations at the Lyceum, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain.† The performances were, *The Hypocrite* and *The Mayor of Garret.* In the character of *Seyward,* in the former piece, a Mr. Waldegrave made his debut, and was favourably received.

*** We understand, that Mrs. Jordan has entered into an engagement with Messrs. Harris and Kemble, to perform at Covent-garden Theatre; and will make her entrée early in February.

* Permission had been granted by the Lord Chamberlain, to extend its season to the 15th of October; but the engagements of the Performers expiring on the 15th inst. the Proprietors could not, with any prospect of success, avail themselves of it.

† It may be recorded as a very unusual (if not an unprecedented) circumstance, that for two nights (September 18 and 19), not a single Theatre was open in London or Westminster.

LANCASTER ASSIZES, *Sept.* 14.

Riots at the Liverpool Theatre.

The King v. *Lemon and Others.*

The subject was brought before the Court upon a criminal information against Mr. Abraham Lemon (the nephew of Dr. Solomon), and four other persons, charging them with intending to injure and impoverish Mr. William Thomas Lewis and Mr. Thomas Knight, the Managers of the Liverpool Theatre, and for that purpose conspiring to compel them, by riotous and tumultuous proceedings, to admit persons to the Theatre at half-price.

Mr. Attorney-general, in a most eloquent and incomparable speech, unfolded to the Jury the nature and object of this prosecution, rendered more peculiarly important by the scene which had so recently been renewed in London. He observed, that the Public had, by designing persons, been grossly deluded with respect to the law upon the subject of the conduct to be observed in theatres and places of public entertainment. They had, he said, an undoubted right to express their disapprobation of a theatrical performance, or the performers, provided it was done *bona fide* and fairly; but any tumult, which was the result of previous concert and conspiracy, either against particular Actors or the Manager, was an offence of equal magnitude with that of conspiring to injure any other individual in his person or property. He severely censured those who had been instrumental in deluding the unwary, describing them as men, who, under the pretence of liberty, were in disposition the veriest tyrants. He pointed out, in forcible language, the danger which was to be apprehended from a lawless mob, whatever might be the supposed cause for exciting it; and he cited, as an instance, the dreadful riots in the year 1780. He paid a high, but well-merited compliment to Mr. Lewis, and regretted that the evening of his life, spent in the service of the Public, should have met with the return it had. Having stated that persons had never been admitted at half-price to the Liverpool Theatre since its original establishment, and commented upon the propriety of such an exclusion in that populous and turbulent town, he proceeded to detail the facts, which were deposed to by the witnesses; and he concluded his address, every part of which rivetted the attention of the jury and the auditors, by expressing his firm persuasion that the verdict on this occasion would convince the defendants, and the Public at large, of the illegality of that conduct which had called for the present prosecution.

A vast number of witnesses were examined, who proved a variety of acts precisely similar to those which took place at Covent-garden Theatre last season, and particularly on the first night of the present one. It appeared that horns, whistles, cat-calls, and other annoyances, were set in motion to effect the purpose of the conspirators, and the evidence completely implicated all the rioters named in the record.

Mr. Raine addressed the Jury with great ability on the part of the defendants. The scope of his argument was chiefly directed to repel the charges of conspiracy.

Mr. Baron Graham was of opinion, that the evidence went sufficiently to the proof of a conspiracy; but, as the consequences of a conviction for that offence were so highly penal, he recommended that the count in the information for the conspiracy should be given up.

This proposition, after some discussion, was, in the most liberal manner, acceded to by the Attorney-general, who observed, that the prosecution was not carried on by Messrs. Lewis and Knight, but by the Magistrates of Liverpool.

The defendants were then *Acquitted of the Conspiracy* (by consent), and found *Guilty of the Riot.*

The King v. *Carter.*

This was a prosecution of a similar nature, and the defendant was also found *Guilty.*

The trials occupied the time of the Court from ten in the morning till six in the evening.

POETRY.

ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

No. XXXV.

The Auspicious Saint.

A HUSBAND lay at his last breath;
His rib, who said she fear'd his death,
And yet, perhaps, for her own life
Had hopes, for she was still a wife,
Made lamentation, and complaint,
And loud invok'd her fav'rite saint.
With the poor husband all was over;
'Twas plain that he could not recover;

And, soon to prove all hope was lost,
He quietly gave up the ghost.
Still, though in this dilemma thrall'd,
She fervently her saint extolled:
"Oh! he has always been to me
Most generously kind!" cried she;
"Through all my life, in all my cares,
He never has refus'd my prayers;
And now, auspiciously to shew
I am his favourite below,
Has not my anxious suit withstanded,
But given me more than I demanded!"

BADINE.

No. XXXVI.

The Quinsy.

A LADY was by sickness smote
With a bad quinsy in her throat;
And, as 'tis not a time for joking,
When people are in fear of choaking,
She, in this worst of all conditions,
Sent for two eminent physicians.
They came; they felt her pulse; look'd sad;
And both pronounc'd her very bad;
But thought, perhaps, 'twere not too late,
Did but the tumour dissipate;
Some mild emollient, both agreed,
Might, luckily, perhaps, succeed;
And, as their separate skill they boasted,
Thought she might eat an apple roasted.
So said, so done, they undertook it;
But the grand art was, how to cook it?
One said, they should conceal each vapour
By wrapping it in thick brown paper;
While t'other said, with temper placid,
That vine-leaves would increase the acid,
Which might allay the suffocation,
And so induce a suppuration.
And now, in learn'd dispute, both grapple,
In aptest mode to roast the apple;
Each enter'd the adventurous lists,
First with high words, and then with fists;
Their separate judgment each maintains;
Till, leaving fists, they go to canes.
The strife went on, *secundum artem:*
The lady call'd for help to part 'em;
But as she was in pain, and weak,
And scarcely could attempt to speak,
She look'd at either learned calf,
And then burst out in a horse laugh;
When, though she had so much endur'd,
The quinsy broke, and she was cur'd.

BADINE.

SONNET,

On the recent Death of LADY HAWKE.

TAKE, sainted spirit! take the balmy tear,
Oft thy mild eye on kindred worth bestow'd—
Wife! Mother! Friend! — Affection's tribute hear,
Pure as thy virtues, noiseless as their road!
Ah! wherefore clings the widow'd stem to life,
When low in dust its blooming honours lie!
The tearful cloud survives the tempest's strife,
While the bright rainbow mingles with the sky!
Fair as the arch of peace, thy tender soul
In melting tints and soften'd light was drest;—
Thro' care's dark hour its welcome radiance stole,
Ting'd the cold cloud, and triumph'd in its breast.—
Go, gentle spirit! where no tempest low'rs!
Leave thy drear mansion steep'd in grateful show'rs.

Sept. 2, 1810.

ELOGY,

On the exquisite Likeness of her Husband, painted by Drummond.

BY CATHARINE BAYLEY.

I SAW him dazzling as the morning dew,
When by Aurora dight in spangled dyes;
But, at his country's call, away he flew,
And, mid' the clarion's din, I heav'd my sighs.

The day was tedious;—*Time* had lost his wing;
Fond memory gave my lover to my mind;
I snatch'd my lyre, and struck the tuneful string,
And sought the solace I despair'd to find:

I dipp'd my crayon in ten thousand dyes;
Faint were their semblance, nor to vision true;
Fancy revolted, and these earth-born eyes
Clos'd, from the soul's distaste,—and wept —*adieu!*

Yet,—how I painted!—Heav'n, and earth, and air,
Fondly I travers'd similes to trace,—
My lord!—my love!—my hope's bright beacon star!—
More,—'twill be day when I behold thy face.

I wove a chaplet,—press'd it to my heart,—
Inhal'd its sweets,—and thought upon his breath;
Rear'd it to heav'n—and cried—"If doom'd to part,
May this defy the pow'r of Time and Death!"

Presumptuous suppliant! — triumph over Time!
The grating,—fading,—gnawing tyrant! — No;
The rose in bud—is blown,—and in her prime;—
She's fall'n o'er the bourne of death and woe!

Wert thou the rival of the beauteous Rose,
She only blooms her day, and lives her date,
On the cold sod the rivals must repose,
Th' oblivious victims of o'erpow'ring fate.

A dream restor'd him to my raptur'd sense,
His every lineament by magic wrought;—
Expression,—passing proudest eloquence,
For Heav'n inspir'd what glowing fancy taught.

A gold empurpled halo round me shone;
I woke,—he vanish'd from my ravish'd view,
Drear was the chamber,—silent and alone,
Again I wept, and sigh'd a sad adieu.

Again, around the flow'ry lawn I rov'd;
Gaz'd on the daisied mound we oft had press'd;
His footsteps trac'd, for even those I lov'd,
And, in idea, clasp'd him to my breast.

The sigh succeeded—the idea flew,—
Again, in murm'ring mood, my cot I sought;
When,—Lo! *his Portrait* struck my raptur'd view,
And life's sweet likeness had the artist caught.

Yes! all but life the magic semblance gives;
A sybil's pencil was to Drummond giv'n;
I gaze entranc'd, and think my Henry lives.
The guardian care, and richest gift of Heav'n.

Enchanting picture hail!—and hail once more!
The re-created being lives anew;
Dight in the manly guise that all adore;
Surviving time,—o'er *death* triumphant too!

Enchanting Picture!—as the mirror true,
Perceptively embodied,—sure it breathes;
The lip is wet with life's ambrosial dew,
And all but love's sweet kiss the lover gives.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 25, 1810.

Extract of a Letter from Vice-admiral Sir J. Saumarez, Bart. and K.B. to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's Ship Victory, in Hano Bay, the 1st Inst.

LIEUTENANT TEMPLER, commanding the Earnest gun-brig, has captured a Danish cutter privateer, of 2 guns and 13 men, in the Cattegat, on the 28th ult.; and the boats of the Censor, Lieutenant Lucas, cut out a French privateer sloop from the harbour of Stralsund, on the 25th: she is pierced for 4 guns, with a crew of 40 men, three of whom only were on board.—The Martial gun-brig has captured a row-boat privateer belonging to Barnholm, with 12 men; and the Swan cutter has this morning brought in another row-boat of the same description, with 11 men, one of whom was killed, another wounded, in attempting to make their escape, and also recaptured a galliot which she had taken.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 28.

Vice-admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels at Leith, has transmitted to John Wilson Croker, Esq. a Letter from Lieutenant John Nugent, commanding the Strenuous Gun-brig, dated at Sea, the 10th Instant, of which the following is an extract:—

I take leave to acquaint you, that, at ten A.M. this day, the Naze bearing east eight or nine leagues, a convoy of the enemy's coasters (ten in number), consisting of schooners and sloops, were discovered steering to the eastward between Fogstein and Hiteroe, under protection of a three-masted schooner and another armed vessel; not an instant was lost in using every possible exertion to cut them off, particularly the three-masted schooner, when, unfortunately, falling light winds, by the assistance of her sweeps, she escaped into Hiteroe; but we succeeded in turning the whole of the convoy, driving them on the rocks, and, with the boats, brought off two, notwithstanding their being protected by the troops on shore, whose discharges of musketry were unavailing; and I enclose a list of vessels captured and driven on shore.—Three Brothers sloop, of 50 tons, laden with fish, tallow, tobacco, &c.; Two Brothers sloop, of 60 tons, laden with ditto; three schooners and four sloops (names unknown), same cargoes; driven on the rocks.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 1.

Vice-admiral Sir James Saumarez, Bart. and K.B. has transmitted to John Wilson Croker, Esq. a letter he had received from Captain Robinson, of his Majesty's sloop Prometheus, giving an account of his having chased on shore, and destroyed, near Pillau, on the 2d of last month, the French schooner privateer Messilina, carrying 6 guns and 38 men; she had sailed from Dantzig the preceding day, had taken nothing, and was going to Pillau, with an intention of clearing the Bay.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 4.

Captain Willoughby, of the Nereide frigate, details a most gallant enterprise performed by him at Port Jacotel, on the south-east coast of the island of Mauritius, on 1st May last, with the loss of one man killed,

and seven wounded :—" The Nereide's small band" (says the Captain) " of volunteers, consisted only of 50 seamen, and the same number of marines; to gain the strongest battery, it was necessary to pass the river Jacotel, at the foot of a high hill, covered with wood, and defended by the Commandant of the Savannah district, Colonel Etienne Colgard, two cannon, and a strong body of militia. Owing to the late heavy rains, we found the river swelled, and the current so strong, that the tallest men could scarcely wade, the short helped over, and more than half the party upon the swim, and in the thick of fire from the enemy; but this difficulty no sooner surmounted (though not without the loss of the greatest part of our ammunition), than three cheers warned the enemy to prepare for the bayonet. The Jungle-hill, two guns, battery, and colours were carried in style, and the Commandant, Colonel Colgard, taken prisoner; nor do I think an officer or man of the party, except myself, had an anxious thought for the result of this unequal affair. Having spiked the guns and one mortar, burnt and destroyed their carriages, the works, magazines, &c. and embarked the field-pieces, some naval and military stores, I was upon the point of returning to the ship, when the strong party I had driven from the first battery and field-pieces appeared to have recovered from their panic, re-assembled (strongly reinforced by the militia and Bourgeois inhabitants of the island) upon our left; and, as the Nereide's attack of Jacotel was the first ever made upon any point of the Isle of France, and knowing its principal defence consists in its militia, I determined upon running some risk of letting them know what they had to expect if their island was ever attacked by a regular British force. Moving towards them, they at the same time advancing within musket-shot, they opened their fire, and I instantly turned direct into the country in an oblique line to them, to get into their rear; and if so, not to leave the defeated party the resource of a retreat; at first they halted, and remained upon their ground, but the moment we began to move in quick time, and they understood my intention, they again beat us in fair running for more than a mile into the country. On returning to our boats, we burnt the signal-house, flag-staff, &c. a mile from the beach, and having well sounded the harbour, and done all I wished, I again embarked, and returned to the Nereide. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained, nor do I know the force opposed to us, but from every information gained, and from the French officers themselves, they declare that 600 can reinforce the batteries by signal in an hour. I remained on shore four hours, in a clear morning, and the signal was flying the whole of the time.

A Return of Killed and Wounded.

Thomas Knight, marine, killed; Lieutenant H. C. Deacon, slightly wounded; J. Bowers, marine, dangerously wounded; ——— Howe, corporal of marines, slightly wounded; H. Palmer, A. Poulson, and H. Crawford, seamen, severely wounded; William Williams, seaman, slightly wounded.

Captain E. Hawker, of the Melampus frigate, in company with the Driver sloop, on the Halifax station, captured, on 28th May, a fine French corvette, with ports for 20 heavy carronades, and a complement of 74 men; she had made three captures.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 8.

Extracts of two Letters from Vice-admiral Drury, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the East Indies, addressed to the Hon. W. W. Pole, and dated on board his Majesty's Ship Russell, Madras Roads, Feb. 16, 1810.

I have received a letter from Captain Briggs, of his Majesty's ship Clorinde, stating his having captured, on the 28th of January last, off the Basses, the French ship privateer l'Henri, mounting eight 12-pounders, pierced for 14 guns, and with a complement of 57 men.—Lieutenant W. Kempthorne, commanding his Majesty's brig Diana, has captured the Tephin, a Dutch national brig of war, on the 11th of September last, having 14 guns.

Copy of a Letter from Vice-admiral d'Auvergne, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels at Guernsey, to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's Ship Ulysses, Gernville Bay, Jersey, the 30th of August, 1810.

SIR,

I have the honour to transmit inclosed, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the master of the hired cutter Queen Charlotte's report of the very gallant action he sustained yesterday afternoon with one of the enemy's large cutters near Alderney; when the great disproportion of force opposed to our small vessel is considered, the conduct of Mr. Thomas, the Commander of the Queen Charlotte, and his gallant little crew, appears highly creditable to them.

The Queen Charlotte is armed only with 8 four-pounders and 25 men, whereas the enemy's vessel appears to have been formerly the Swan, one of our revenue cutters, captured about two years ago off Portland, and is known to be armed with 16 twelve-pounders, from 80 to 100 men, and still, with that immense superiority, found it meet to give way to the distinguished gallantry of our little vessel, who besides being shattered in her rigging and sails, I have to lament that most of her wounded are grievously so; one has died, and another is given over, but the rest are doing well at Alderney, where they were landed after the action, the cutter having no surgical assistance on board.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) J. D'AUVERGNE AND BOUILLON, Vice-adm.

H. M. hired cutter Queen Charlotte, St. Aubin's Bay, Aug. 10, 1810.

SIR,

I have the honour to acquaint you, that, proceeding off Cherbourg, agreeably to your orders, with Mr. P. A. Mulgrave, on the 29th instant, at three P.M. Alderney bearing S.S.W. three or four leagues, observed a large cutter in the S.E. standing for us, with an English white ensign and pendant flying; not liking her appearance, I made the necessary preparation for giving her as warm a reception as possible. At half past three he came close to us, luffed up, and hauled down the English ensign, and hoisted French; at the same time we gave him a broadside of round and grape, which was quickly returned by the enemy. We continued the action within pistol-shot till five P.M. when the enemy hauled his wind to the N.E. leaving us in no condition to follow him, having the boatswain killed, fourteen wounded, some of them badly; among the latter is Mr. P. A. Mulgrave. At six P.M. two shore-boats came off from Alderney, and I sent the wounded men by them on shore.

From the great superiority of the enemy, being a large cutter of 16 guns, and full of men, and our crew only 25 men in all, I trust that the conduct of his Majesty's hired cutter Queen Charlotte will meet your approbation on this occasion. I cannot say too much in praise of my chief mate and pilot, and all my little crew, for their undaunted bravery and good conduct.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOSEPH THOMAS, Master.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Byron, of his Majesty's Ship Belvidera, to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated North Yarmouth, 6th Instant.

You will be pleased to inform my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that being near in shore off Studtland, coast of Norway, on the 22d of July, his Majesty's ship Nemesis in company, I observed a deep bay in the evening, and sent Mr. M'Pherson, the Master of the Belvidera, to sound round it, who perceiving three vessels at anchor, rowed near to reconnoitre them; in the night they fired at him, the strangers being Danish gun-vessels. On the following morning the launch, with a 12-pounder caronade in bow, barge, and two cutters, of the Belvidera, were well manned and armed as soon as possible, under the command of Lieutenants Nisbett and Bruce, and Lieutenant Campbell, of the royal marines; and the launch, pinnace, and yawl of the Nemesis, under Lieutenants Hodgskens and Smith; the seven boats rapidly advanced to attack the enemy, which soon began to cannonade them; the boats firing their bow-guns with great effect, the Danish colours were soon struck, and the two gun-schooners Balder and Thor, each carrying two long 24-pounders and six 6-pounders howitzers, and each manned with 45 men, in our possession; the gun-boat No. 5, carrying one 24-pounder and 25 men, had repeatedly fired, was chased up a fiora and abandoned by the crew, was blown up by our boats, whose excellent fire and resolution to close threw the enemy in confusion, and, notwithstanding the firmness of Lieutenants Dahlreup and Rasmusen, their commanders, caused their fire to be ineffective: we, fortunately, had no loss: the enemy had four men killed. I cannot sufficiently praise the conduct of all the officers, masters' mates, midshipmen, and every seaman and marine of the Belvidera. Captain Ferris has expressed to me his perfect approbation of all belonging to the Nemesis.

HORSE-GUARDS, SEPT. 9.

His Majesty having been graciously pleased to command, that, in commemoration of the brilliant victories obtained by divisions of his army over the enemy in the battles of Roleia Vimiera; also in the several instances where the cavalry had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves against the enemy in Spain, and in the battles of Corunna and Talavera de la Reyna; the undermentioned officers of the army, present on those occasions, should enjoy the privilege of bearing a medal; and his Majesty having approved of the medal which has been struck, is pleased to command, that it should be worn by the General Officers, suspended by a ribbon of the colour of the sash, with a blue edge, round the neck; and by the Commanding Officers of Corps (not being of rank inferior to Lieutenant-colonel), and the Chiefs of Military Departments, attached by a ribbon of the same colour to the button-hole of their uniform.—His Majesty has also been pleased to command, that the medals which would have been conferred upon the officers who have fallen at or died since the above-named actions, shall, as a token of respect for their memories, be deposited with their respective families.

Lieutenant-generals, Sir J. Moore, K.B. Sir D. Baird, Sir J. Hope, K.B. M. Fraser, Lord Paget, and Visc. Wellington, K.B.

Major-generals, Sir J. Sherbrooke, K.B. W. Payne, Lord W. Bentinck, Hon. E. Paget, Sir B. Spencer, K.B. Sir S. Cotton, Bart. R. Hill, C. Manningham, W. C. Beresford, R. C. Fergusson, H. Warde, J. Leith, J. R. M'Kenzie, and C. Tilson.

Brigadier-generals, J. Slade, M. Disney, W. P. Ackland, M. Nightingall, A. Campbell, H. F. Campbell, R. Stewart, Hon. C. Stewart, E. B. Langworth, A. Cameron, B. F. Bowes, H. Fane, R. Anstruther, G. Anson, J. C. Crauford, and E. Howarth (Artillery).

Colonels, S. B. Low (King's German Legion); R. Cheney, 1st foot guards, 3d batt.; W. Anson, 1st foot guards, 1st batt.; J. S. Saunders, 61st foot; A. Hay, 1st batt. Royal; J. Kemmis, 40th foot; R. Burne, 36th foot; R. S. Donkin, Hon. E. Stopford,

3d foot guards; G. T. Walker, 50th foot; S. Hawker, 14th light dragoons; and G. Murray, 3d foot guards (Quarter-master-general).

Lieutenant-colonels, G. D. Drummond, 24th foot; R. Hulse, Coldstream guards; G. Leigh, 10th light dragoons; W. Guard, 45th foot; J. Wynch, 4th foot; O. T. Jones, 18th light dragoons; D. Pack, 71st foot; Sir G. T. Calcraft, 3d dragoon guards; Lord R. E. H. Somerset, 4th dragoons; R. Ross, 20th foot; A. Napier, 92d foot; J. Fuller, Coldstream guards; R. Darling, 51st foot; Sir W. W. Dalling, 3d foot guards; J. Stirling, 42d foot; J. Harding, commanding royal artillery; S. V. Hinde, 32d foot; C. Grant, 15th light dragoons; J. Lyon, 97th foot; Sir W. Myers, 7th foot; T. S. Beckwith, 95th foot; C. D. Taylor, 20th dragoons; Hon. G. A. F. Lake, 29th foot; F. de Arenschild, 1st light dragoons (King's German Legion); P. Cameron, 79th foot; A. Gordon, 83d foot; R. H. Vivian, 7th light dragoons; C. Donellan, 1st batt. 48th foot; C. P. Belson, 1st batt. 28th foot; J. Muter, 3d foot; J. Stewart, 9th foot; H. Torrens, 89th foot; D. White, 29th foot; J. Branns, 2d line batt. King's German Legion; H. Seymour, 23d light dragoons; G. R. Bingham, 53d foot; Hon. C. Greville, 38th foot; W. Maxwell, 1st batt. 26th foot; C. Fane, 59th foot; J. Bathurst, 60th foot; H. Framingham, commanding royal artillery; J. B. M'Kenzie, 5th foot; R. Barclay, 52d foot; W. H. Bunbury, 3d foot, commanding 1st batt. of detachments: W. Robe, commanding royal artillery; G. J. B. Tucker, deputy-adjutant-general; J. Cameron, 9th foot; J. Nicolls, 2d batt. 14th foot; G. H. Duckworth, 2d batt. 48th foot; J. Ross, 52d foot, 2d batt.; W. E. Wyatt, 2d batt. 23d foot; W. Iremonger, 2d foot; A. Drummond, 3d foot; E. Copson, 5th foot, 2d batt. detachments; H. Craufurd, 1st batt. 9th foot; E. Hull, 2d batt. 43d foot; W. Douglas, 91st foot; C. Macdonnell, 82d foot; and R. Fletcher, commanding royal engineers.

By his Majesty's command,

DAVID DUNDAS, Commander-in-chief.

H. TORRENS, Lieutenant-colonel and Military Secretary.

DOWNING-STREET, SEPT. 18.

A Despatch, of which the following is an Extract, was on Sunday morning received at Lord Liverpool's Office, addressed to his Lordship by Lieutenant-general Lord Wellington, K. B. &c. dated Cerolico, Aug. 29, 1810.

The enemy opened their fire upon the Almeida late on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning, the 26th inst. and I am concerned to add, that they obtained possession of the place in the course of the night of the 27th. I have no intelligence upon which I can rely, of the cause of its surrender. An explosion had been heard at our advanced posts, and I observed on Monday, that the steeple of the church was destroyed, and many houses of the town unroofed. I had a telegraphic communication with the governor, but unfortunately, the weather did not allow of our using it on Sunday, or during a great part of Monday, and when the weather cleared on that day, it was obvious that the governor was in communication with the enemy.—After I was certain of the fall of the place, I moved the infantry of the army again into the valley of the Mondego, keeping a division upon Guarda, and the out-posts of the cavalry at Alverca. The enemy attacked our picquets twice yesterday in the morning but feebly, and they were repulsed; in the afternoon, however, they obliged Sir S. Cotton to draw in his posts to this side of Fraxedas. Capt. Lygon, of the 16th light dragoons, was wounded in the morning, and two men of the royal dragoons were wounded in the afternoon. —A picquet of the regiment made a gallant and successful charge upon a party of the enemy's infantry and cavalry, and took some prisoners.—The second corps, under General Regnier, has made no movement of any importance since I had the honour of addressing your lordship last. A patrole, however, belonging to this corps, fell in with a squadron of dragoons, consisting of one troop of the 13th British, and one troop of the 4th Portuguese, belonging to Lieutenant-general Hill's corps, under the command of Captain White, of the 13th, and the whole of them were taken, with the exception of the captain and one man, who, I since understand, have been killed. I enclose the copy of Brigadier-general Fane's report to Lieutenant-general Hill, of this affair, which, it appears, was highly creditable to Captain White, and the allied troops engaged.—No movement has been made, and nothing of any importance has occurred in Estremadura since I addressed your lordship last.—In the north, the enemy moved a small body of infantry and cavalry on the 20th to Alcanezas; but General Silveira moved towards them from Braganza, and they immediately retired.

SIR, *Escalhos de Cima, Aug.* 22, 1810.

I have the honour to report to you, that the troop of the 13th light dragoons, and one of the 4th Portuguese dragoons, forming the squadron under the command of Captain White, of the 13th, at Ladoera, this morning fell in with a patrole of the enemy's dragoons, consisting of one captain, two Subalterns, and about 60 men. Captain White fortunately succeeded in coming up with them, when he immediately charged and overturned them; and the result has been, the capture of two lieutenants, three serjeants, six corporals, one trumpeter, and 50 privates, and about 50 horses. The captain was also a prisoner, but escaped during the bustle on foot.—I am happy to say, this has been performed without the loss of a man on

our side. Six of the enemy are wounded. Captain White expresses his obligation to Major Vigoreux, of the 38th regiment, who was a volunteer with him, and to the Alferes Pedro Raymundo di Olviera, commanding the Portuguese troop (which he states to have done its duty extremely well, and to have shewn much gallantry); and also to Lieutenant Turner, of the 13th light dragoons, to whose activity and courage, he reports himself to be indebted for several of his prisoners. I trust the whole will be considered to have merited the approbation of the Commander-in-chief.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. FANE.

Lieutenant-general Hill.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 22.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Richard Goodwin Keats, K. B. Rear-admiral of the Red, to J. W. Croker, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's Ship the Implacable, in Cadiz Bay, the 30th August, 1810.

SIR, *Implacable, Cadiz Bay, Aug.* 30.

My despatch, No. 15, will have informed their lordships of the sailing of an expedition from this port on the evening of the 22d; I have now the honour to transmit the copy of a letter I have received from Captain George Cockburn, of this ship, detailing the particulars of a descent and successful attack made on a strong corps of French troops posted at the town of Moguer. The expedition returned into Cadiz yesterday with a few prisoners and some volunteers for the Spanish army, having driven the enemy from Moguer and the adjoining coast with considerable loss, and about forty killed and wounded on the part of our ally.

I have received, sir, through his Majesty's minister at this place, the copy of a letter from his Excellency M. de Bardaxi, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, strongly expressive of the sentiments of satisfaction and gratitude felt by the Council of Regency at the able and distinguished co-operation afforded General Lascy on the expedition by Captain Cockburn, the officers and seamen under his command; and it becomes my duty to mark, in the strongest manner, how sensibly I feel the public service has been benefitted by Captain Cockburn's able, cheerful, and zealous services.

I have, &c.

R. G. KEATS.

His Majesty's Sloop Jasper, in SIR, *Huelba River, Aug.* 25.

I have the honour to inform you, that in pursuance to your orders, I sailed from Cadiz on the night of the 22d current, with the vessels and boats you were pleased to place under my command, for the purpose of operating with the Spanish armament under the orders of General Lascy. On the night of the 23d, being about four leagues to the southward of the entrance of this river, I received intimation from the general, that he wished to land without further loss of time on the coast then abreast of us, as it would enable him to get to Moguer (where the French army was supposed to be) considerably sooner than he could do by water; the whole fleet being accordingly directed to anchor as close to the shore as they could with safety, I began about ten o'clock to disembark the troops, and the whole of them, as well as their horses, &c. being safely landed, between one and two o'clock, the general commenced his march, keeping along the beach, and being attended by eleven of our flat boats (under Lieutenant Westphal, of the Implacable), for the purpose of transporting the army across a large branch of the river, which (after our landing) we were informed intersected the way to Moguer, and extended a very considerable distance into the country. This precaution having, however, prevented their being delayed in the slightest degree, the army got to Moguer (a distance of 22 miles from the point of debarkation) about eleven o'clock yesterday morning, and the French army being there (according to the information), the Spaniards forgot their fatigues, and proceeded immediately to attack them. The French not being prepared for such a visit, were soon driven from the town; but having collected and rallied in the neighbourhood, they attempted to regain what they had lost, and in their turn made several desperate attacks on the Spanish advanced line; but being worsted in every attempt by the valour and steadiness of the Spanish troops, they retreated at the close of day, and will, I fear, owing to their being principally cavalry, succeed in getting to Seville. General Lascy will, however, I believe, follow them as long as he sees any chance of destroying them; and on his return from pursuing them, will re-embark and return to Cadiz or St. Lucar, as circumstances may authorize.

The loss of the Spaniards during yesterday was but trifling; that of the French has not yet been ascertained; but I saw several of them lying dead on the field, and about twelve of them were taken prisoners, who say they were about eleven hundred strong. The cheerfulness with which the Spanish troops bore the fatigue of marching 22 miles, after being without rest for three successive nights, and the steadiness and valour they displayed in the action that ensued, has excited my highest admiration, and made me more sanguine than ever in the hope, that such people in such a cause must be ultimately successful. The inhabitants of this neighbourhood also shew scarcely less enthusiasm than the army come to their deliverance, and the manner in which they have greeted our arrival amongst them sufficiently proves their attachment to their legitimate government and their detestation of the French usurpation. I cannot, sir, close this account of the transactions of the Spanish army without paying

my humble but sincere tribute of admiration of General Lascy, who has proved himself worthy of commanding such men, and appears by his coolness, judgment, and active bravery, to be peculiarly adapted for such services as that on which he is now employed. It is now, sir, a pleasant duty incumbent on me, to assure you that nothing can exceed the good conduct of the officers and men you have placed under my orders; and I must beg leave particularly to mention to you the unremitted assistance I have received from Captain Daniell, of this sloop, and from Lieutenant Westphal (1st of the Implacable), who by his conduct on this service has added to the many claims he already has to my particular notice and recommendation.

I have, &c.
GEO. COCKBURNE.

Sir R. G. Keats, K. B. &c.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Sir Home Popham, of his Majesty's Ship the Venerable, addressed to Admiral Lord Gambier, and transmitted by his Lordship to John Wilson Croker, Esq.

H. M. S. Venerable, off the Dodman, Sept. 19th.

MY LORD,

L'Alexandre, a ketch privateer, from St. Maloes on her first cruise, was captured yesterday by the Venerable, owing to our being very near her on the clearing of a fog. She is pierced for sixteen guns, but had only four mounted. She had taken the Peggy schooner of Bristol, off the Land's End, her crew having previously escaped in their boat to the shore, which was the reason of the privateer shifting her station further to the eastward. The Zenobia joined us during the chace.

I have the honour to be, &c.
HOME POPHAM.

Vice-admiral Sir James Saumarez, Bart. and K. B. has transmitted to John Wilson Croker, Esq. a letter he had received from Rear-admiral Dixon, with one from Lieutenant Robert Streatfield, of his Majesty's ship Ruby, reporting the destruction of two Danish armed vessels off Lessoe, by two row-boat luggers, under the directions of Lieutenant Streatfield and Lieutenant Stackpoole, of the Ganges, without any loss on our part.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NOTHING of importance has been received from the army of Lord Wellington. The campaign, from some unknown causes, seems suddenly to relax; and both hostile armies maintain nearly the same positions as for some time past.

Lord Wellington has published a Proclamation to the Portuguese, in which, giving the lie to Massena's boasts of the tender treatment which the people receive from the French, he asserts that those who have remained in their villages, relying on their promises, have had their property plundered, their houses burnt, and their wives and daughters brutally violated.

A body of 300 cavalry, escorting a considerable sum of money for the payment of the French troops in Spain, was on the 8th inst. surprised near Pancorba, and cut to pieces; and the whole of the treasure, together with some important despatches to the French generals, fell into the hands of the Patriots.

Lieutenant-colonel Wyndham, of the Royal Dragoons, was taken prisoner on the 30th ult. near Pinhel, when visiting his picquets; having mistaken two of the enemy's videttes for his own, he rode up to them without discovering his mistake till it was too late to escape.

A letter from Lisbon states, that the trenches were opened before Almeida on the 24th, and that it fell on the night of the 27th. The blowing up of a magazine is stated as one of the immediate causes of this event, which is suspected to have been brought about by treachery.

An intercepted letter from King Joseph's Spanish Ambassador at Paris, to his Minister at Madrid, has been published, in which the former expresses the discontent of Bonaparte at having to pay the French troops in Spain, and the inability of France to send any more money to that country. Bonaparte, in this paper, is made to say, that the other countries in which he has carried on war, he has always compelled to sustain the pay and provision of his troops!

By the treaty of friendship and alliance concluded between his Britannic Majesty and the Court of the Brazils, the important advantage is conceded to this country of purchasing and cutting down timber in the Forests of Brazil, for building ships of war; and of building, equipping, or repairing ships of war within the Brazilian Ports and Harbours. — The Prince Regent likewise spontaneously suppresses the inquisition in his South American dominions, and declares his determination gradually to abolish the Slave Trade.

The Royal Academy of Lisbon has proposed the following question:—"What will be the most proper mode of erecting, in Portugal, a monument of eternal gratitude, that may preserve to posterity an indelible testimony of British generosity, which, by the most costly sacrifices, has liberally bestowed all the means of saving our country, and maintaining its independence."—Essays on the subject are to be received till the end of December.

The French are taking all the young men in Holland for the requisition; the people's

houses are also entered by the soldiers in search of English goods. There are not less than 30,000 French in Amsterdam.

The French tribunals have lately determined, that the marriage of a French prisoner of war with a British woman in this country, is not valid. Several women who accompanied or followed their supposed husbands to France, have been abandoned and exposed to the greatest distress.

A decree has recently been issued at Paris, prohibiting the entrance or departure of passengers from or into the ports of France. It is suggested in a letter conveying this information, that this extraordinary vigilance is for the purpose of preventing the transmission of intelligence respecting an expedition, which has been secretly preparing for some time in the ports from Havre to the Texel.

The Gibraltar and Sicilian Gazettes contain some inspiriting Proclamations and Addresses to the People of Sicily, and the Neapolitans who have been compelled to bear the arms of the Usurper against the cause of their legitimate Sovereign. Out of 1140 boats and 100 gun-vessels, prepared for the much-talked-of invasion of Sicily, upwards of 300 of the former, and 30 of the latter, had been taken or destroyed in various actions with the English and Sicilian navy.

Murat, after all his boasted victories, has been compelled to abandon the expedition against Sicily.

Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, has been elected Crown Prince of Sweden.—He was proposed to the Diet on the 18th ult. by the reigning Sovereign in a short speech, and chosen after half an hour's deliberation. Immediately after the election, advice of the event was despatched to Bonaparte, through whose baleful influence this degrading yoke has been fixed upon the necks of the Swedes. It is probable, that in a few weeks the new Crown Prince will be called on to assume the reins of Government.

It is reported, that Russia and Denmark both feel a strong sensation at the election of Bernadotte, as successor to the Swedish throne. It is said, by a Gentleman from Konigsburg, that an intimation had been given to the Emperor Alexander since the accession of Bernadotte, that Finland must be restored to the Crown of Sweden.

John Baptiste Bernadotte, Bonaparte's adopted Crown Prince of Sweden, was born on the 26th of January, 1763, at Pau, in Bearn, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees. His father was a lawyer. He enlisted when he was fifteen years old, embarked soon after in the squadron commanded by M. De Suffrein, and was present at the battle of Cuddalore, in the East Indies. He married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a respectable merchant at Marseilles, by whom he has an only son.

A letter from the North of Germany states, that Alexander Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel, was expected to be raised to the throne of Prussia, and the family of Brandenburgh to be reduced to a private station.

An experiment of a new kind was tried last summer at Philipsthal, in East Prussia. This was to split a rock by means of lightning. An iron rod, similar to a conductor, was fixed in the rock; and on the occurrence of the first thunderstorm, the lightning was conducted down the rod, and split the rock into several pieces without displacing it.

A German paper states, that Bonaparte is about to restore to his father-in-law the title of Emperor of Germany, and with it an accession of territory.

Mr. Adair, the British Minister to the Porte, arrived at Malta, on the 29th of July, from Constantinople. Mr. Adair had been treated with the most marked distinction by the Turkish Government.

We are sorry to hear of another cause of contention with America, the British sloop or brig of war, the Moselle, Capt. Boys, fired a 32 pound shot into the United States brig Vixen, on her way to New Orleans. The Americans say it was done intentionally; the captain of the Moselle declared, that he could not distinguish the American colours, and pledged his honour that the shot was not aimed at the vessel.

Three persons who were passengers in the ship Margaret, of Salem, which was some time since upset at sea, were picked up by an American, and landed at Boston. They had been in the boat 37 days, after having remained by the wreck 17, and seen 19 of their companions perish through want of food. At the moment of their own deliverance they had been five days without the least subsistence; and two of their companions expired in the act of removal.

An epidemic fever, supposed to be occasioned by an unusually long want of rain, lately occasioned great mortality at the Isle of May (one of the Cape de Verd Islands). The island contained about 800 inhabitants, and it is apprehended that more than a fourth part perished. When Captain Girdler, of the Hero, touched there some weeks since, one of the inhabitants told him he had lost nine sons within a few days. No rain had fallen in the Isle of May for four years, and the heat during the present summer has been unusually great.

The late despatches from India announce, that all differences between the Committee of Supercargoes and the Chinese Government had been finally adjusted, and that the trade of the Company has, in every respect, been restored to its former footing.

We are happy to hear that the attention of the Government of Bombay has, at length, been attracted to the preservation of the noble remains of Oriental art and antiquity, in the celebrated caves of Elephanta. The dilapidations of the images, through the wan-

tonness of individuals, have of late been so great, that no person is now admitted without an order from the superintendant of Marine and Town Major of Bombay, to whose care these caves have been committed.

Bears have within a few years increased so considerably in Bengal and the Carnatic, as to induce the India Government to offer large rewards for their destruction.

By a second earthquake at Manilla, towards the close of the last year, several houses were thrown down, and one of the bastions of the Citadel, towards the sea, had been reduced to a heap of ruins. A great number of vessels in the port had been dashed to pieces, by the sudden and violent agitation of the sea.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AUGUST 21.

AS Colonel Walsh, of the 56th regiment, was driving his gig on the road from Farnham to Guildford, the shafts broke, and the horse taking fright, he was thrown out, his arm broken, his shoulder dislocated, and the wheel having passed over his head, he died in a few days.

31. One of the Worthing coaches was overturned near Brighton; when Mr. Coles, Solicitor, of Windsor, was thrown from the roof, had his leg broken, and was otherwise dreadfully bruised. A Mr. Taylor, with the coachman, and two others, were also much hurt.

Eliza Hancock, while leasing in a field, in the parish of Box, near Bath, was accused of stealing wheat from the sheaves; which she denied, and wished she might be struck dead if she had: she was found dead in the field in about two hours after.

SEPT. 2. Mr. Wombwell, proprietor of the menagerie in Picadilly, this night, began to send off his wild beasts for exhibition at Bartholomew fair: among them, was a very fine Leopard. It had been scarcely placed in the caravan, when the horse that drew it took fright, and ran at full speed towards the Haymarket, where the caravan was upset. The den in which the leopard was confined, was thrown out by the violence of the shock and broken to pieces. The animal, being thus liberated, evinced no sign of terror or alarm, although he produced both in every beholder. He walked up Picadilly in a majestic style until he came opposite a new house, where he laid himself down upon a heap of gravel. Here his keepers, who followed him, made an attempt to secure him, by throwing a rope round his neck. This irritated him, and the infuriated animal flew at one of them, whom he bit severely in the left arm. He then jumped down the area, and sought refuge in one of the cellars. After near seven hours toil, he was at length secured by a den being placed at the door of the cellar into which he was driven. The wounded man was conveyed to the hospital, and is likely to recover without undergoing amputation. A vast concourse of people was assembled during the whole time.

3. A duel was fought at Moulsey Hurst, between Captain Hants and Mr. Coleshall, a gentleman of some notoriety on the turf, in consequence of a dispute relative to some trivial bet at Egham races. After exchanging two shots, the Captain was dangerously wounded in the left breast, and his antagonist has fled.

5. The new Lincoln coach was overturned at Biggleswade, owing to the horses taking fright; when George Newbery, the driver, in attempting to recover the reins, fell, and was killed on the spot. The other passengers were much cut and bruised; and Miss Phipps, a young lady of Peterborough, who was travelling in the vehicle, died twelve hours after of the fright.

6. George Payne, Esq. youngest son of the late René Payne, Esq. was killed in a duel by Mr. Clarke, on Wimbledon Common. The dispute originated in an improper attachment discovered to have taken place between Mr. Payne (a married gentleman with a family) and Mr. Clarke's sister, daughter of the late Dr. Clarke, of Newcastle. Coroner's verdict—*wilful murder by some person unknown.*

Captain Rutherford, of the 25th regiment, was killed in a duel at Haddington, last week, in Scotland, by Mr. Cahill, surgeon, of the same regiment.

During a rowing-match, at Rotherhithe, a number of persons who had assembled on a platform erected for the purpose of repairing a ship, off St. James's-stairs, were precipitated into the river; when six persons were drowned, among whom was an infant at the breast.

A young man, of the name of Thornton, at Moulton Seals End, Lincolnshire, lately scaled the steeple of the parish church, which is not less than 110 feet high, by means of the small projections of stone attached to the exterior of the spire. Not content with having succeeded in gaining the stone which caps the summit, he aspired to substitute his cloth apron for the vane! Whilst climbing up the staff, at the extremity of which the vane is fixed, it broke with his weight! His destruction appeared inevitable; but, fortunately, his body caught the stump of the staff, and he was thus arrested in his descent;

and shortly after descended to the ground in safety, by the adventurous route which he traced in his ascent.

W. Carter, a decayed military officer, for stealing a silver spoon from Peele's Coffee-house, has been committed for trial; and a poor distressed Welsh-curate, possessed of a living of 35l. a year, and who has a wife and three children, apprehended as a deserter from the York rangers; he having, from sheer necessity, volunteered into that corps for the sake of the bounty.

10. Mr. Campbell, apothecary, of Coventry-street, who had gone to Ramsgate for the benefit his health, was drowned in Ramsgate harbour, owing to his falling overboard while the packet was tacking. He was not in the water more than fifteen minutes before taken on board; but every effort to restore animation proved fruitless.

11. An alarming fire broke out on Tuesday, at the dwelling house of David Fothergill, Esq. at Clewer, Herts. which totally destroyed the same, together with a valuable library. The flames were occasioned by a bed being set fire to by the negligence of a servant maid, who was putting a child to bed.

13. A meeting of the principal magistrates of the county of Middlesex with the directors of the Bank, took place at the New Prison, Clerkenwell, to investigate, by the examination of witnesses, the escape of Robert Roberts, and Smith, alias Harper, on Tuesday morning. The former prisoner was about to undergo a final examination on a charge of forgery on the Bank of England; and the latter is a known thief, who was undergoing an imprisonment for six months, and who also stood indicted for a burglary. Roberts, who has lately represented himself as a *bill-broker*, is the same who, two years since, obtained considerable sums of money in the north of England, by representing himself to be *Earl Percy*. A boy, prisoner, M'Namara, stated, that on the night of the 27th ult. when in his cell, he was awoke out of his sleep by a talking in the passage, near Roberts's cell. He had previously heard the following conversation between Daniel Aris and Roberts. The former said, "Roberts!" calling him gently, and the other answered. Aris then said, "Be sure to be awake at my holloa." Roberts replied, he would be careful of that, and continued— "*Be sure to come, for you know what risk I shall run if you do not.*" D. Aris replied, "*Never fear me; you know I always stick to what I say.*" Witness was awoke some time afterwards, and he heard D. Aris's voice again in the passage; soon after which the clock struck one, which was supposed to have been about the time of the escape. Amos, son-in-law of Governor Aris, was examined; he deposed, that Roberts was permitted to walk in the garden with Daniel Aris, a favour allowed to no other prisoner, and that Mr. Aris, senior, knew of this favour. Samuel Winsell, a turnkey under D. Aris, in that part of the prison where Roberts was confined, deposed, that he assisted in locking up on the evening of the 27th of August, (the night of escape) and that the governor and D. Aris were present; after Roberts had been shut in, the governor tapped at his door, and wished him good night. Mr. Hassel, the prison-clerk, stated, that governor Aris frequently conversed with Roberts; and *he went out in his (Roberts's) chaise, on the 18th of August!!!* Other circumstances of corroboration, tending to implicate Daniel Aris, the son, with having been privy and aiding in the escape of the prisoners, he was committed to prison. The investigation closed with the suspension of Mr. Aris, senior, and another son who officiated as turnkey.

14. A shocking accident occurred at Royd's foundry, near Leeds. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the iron metal, in a state of fusion, unexpectedly burst from the furnace, and carried away a young man who was unfortunately standing near it, and who actually floated upon the liquid iron several yards before he could be extricated from his horrible situation. He survived only until morning.

Last week, as an old grey horse, probably blind and deaf, belonging to Carrier Mace, of Bletchington, was grazing near the windmill of that parish, he got under the swifts, which struck him on the head, and cleft his skull. A portion of the fatal swift was soon afterwards found by the miller, sticking in the poor animal's brain. This horse was taken by the British troops, with his rider, a French trumpeter, many years ago.

16. The Grand Falconer packet, in proceeding from the metropolis to Margate, was dismasted off the Reculvers. Fortunately the greater part of the passengers were below deck, so that no one sustained any personal injury by the accident. The passengers were subsequently landed at Hern Bay and procured conveyance in carts to Margate.

19. As a cask of vitriol was conveying through the Strand on Wednesday, it burst, when part of its contents alighting on a dog, the animal was literally burned to ashes.

20. A meeting of the Bank proprietors was held in Threadneedle-street; when the chairman proposed that the dividend upon their profits should be 10 per cent. Mr. Randle Jackson, in a long and able speech, defended the Court of Direction from the imputations cast upon it in the report of the Bullion Committee. He combated the opinion that bank-notes were below par, merely because the market price of bullion had risen 16 per cent. above that of the Mint; since this rise could in justice be attributed only to an illegal speculation for the purpose of melting it down, and bank-notes would purchase as much of any commodity as the same sum in gold. The issue of paper had not been more than six millions during thirteen years;

and this sum included one and two-pound notes, rendered absolutely necessary since the Bank Restriction Bill, by the wants of commerce and the convenience of society. Our commerce during the same period had increased nearly 50 millions. It was impossible that an issue of 20 millions of paper could have the effect stated upon the commerce, the provisions, &c. of the country. But out of the above sum, 18 millions were owing by the public to the company—if the former wished the institution to be dissolved, let them pay the above sum, and the Bank Proprietors would make up the remaining two millions among themselves in an hour. The public derive important advantages from the Bank.—By two agreements made by the late Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, 270,000l. per annum were secured to the public; beside the Bank foregoing the claim for the management of the public debt, amounting to 70,000l. a year more. He stigmatised any attempt to seize upon the surplus profits of the Company as iniquitous, and entered his protest against the recommendation of the Bullion Committee, to render it compulsory for the Bank, after two years, to make repayments in cash, as noways likely to obviate the present danger; but calculated, by withholding Bank discounts to merchants, to prove fatal to the interests of the commercial world. He thought that the resumption of cash payments should be left to the discretion of the Directors. Mr. Pearse, the governor of the Bank, in a neat speech, hoped the public would not be implicitly guided by the report of the Bullion Committee, without duly weighing the evidence laid before it. Mr. Payne, of Bath and Wells, banker, thought the depreciation of the present circulating medium rather to be attributed to the small notes of country banks; those who took them in payment of goods, charging an additional price for the risk they ran. He estimated the issue of country bank-paper at 30 millions, and thought that the issuing of small notes should be restricted to the Bank of England. He concluded, by declaring, that he did not think beneficial consequences would result from the resumption of cash payments.

Mr. Aris was finally dismissed from his situation of governor of Cold-bath-fields prison. Hamilton, an officer of Marlborough-street, and Adkins, of Bow-street, are candidates for the situation.

22. Seven miscreants, of the Vere-street gang, (see page 72) were convicted, on the clearest evidence, at the Middlesex sessions; amongst whom was Cook, the landlord of the house, who, with four others, was sentenced to two years imprisonment and the pillory; Amos, twice convicted before of a similar offence, to three years imprisonment, and pillory; and one to twelve months imprisonment without pillory. On sentence being pronounced, they were all handcuffed and chained together, in which state they were taken to the Cold-bath-fields prison; in their progress they were so furiously assailed by the people as to be compelled to run all the way. Mr. Gurney, who had been employed as their counsel, declined making any defence; he said, he could not attempt to do so, consistently with his own character; for, from the evidence it would almost appear that the two cities which had fallen victims to Divine vengeance, were revived. Four other wretches were afterwards tried and found guilty of similar offences: their sentences deferred.

The following is an outline of the charge against Dr. James Roberton, with some particulars relative to his escape:

The charge exhibited against him was, that he had prematurely delivered Eliza Ann Laston, with whom he had cohabited, of two children, after four and five months pregnancy, and by which deliveries he had caused the death of the infants. It appeared, that Dr. Roberton was a surgeon in the army when he became acquainted with his accuser, who was in service at Ipswich, Suffolk, and he was her protector a considerable length of time, but a separation at length took place. Some time after, the young woman, by her frantic conduct in the street, attracted the notice of two gentlemen, who followed her. She was insane, and the cause could not be ascertained until she reached the door of Dr. Roberton, in Burlington-street, when she threw her arms against it in wild despair, and it was then ascertained that she had cohabited with the doctor, and the facts which led to the prosecution, were got from her with considerable reluctance. This temporary derangement, it afterwards turned out, was occasioned by the prosecutrix having taken laudanum, with intent to destroy herself. Her evidence was unsupported, and she confessed that she thought Doctor Roberton was acting for the best in prematurely delivering her, and she never meant to complain of ill treatment, as she did not at the time suspect it. The first delivery was proved by the mother of the prosecutrix, who did not appear to think wrong of the doctor's conduct at the time. Under these circumstances, and the extreme high character some gentlemen of weight and consequence gave the doctor for humane conduct, the magistrate admitted him to bail, himself in 2,000l. and four sureties in 1,000l. each, to answer a capital indictment at the next Old Bailey sessions, for cutting and maiming a child. From the frank and open manner in which Dr. Roberton proclaimed his innocence at the last examination, four gentlemen immediately became bail for his appearance to take his trial, one of whom is a colonel in the army, another a physician of the first practice, and the other two, gentlemen of fortune. The prisoner was an accoucher in very extensive practice; and by his

conversation and manner, he appeared to be anxious for trial, that an acquittal might wipe away any imputation on his character. His escape was not known for four days to any of his bail. It was discovered, that he embarked on board the Pacific fishing-boat, at Gravesend, on Saturday night, the 8th instant, by the name of James Bishop. By the statement of Captain Barnet, of the Pacific, when he met the Dutch fishing-boats, his passenger was desirous of getting to the Dutch coast; and he assigned as a reason, that he had estates in Holland, which had just been disposed of; and if he did not arrive at a certain part of Holland at a certain time, his property would all be lost. None of the Dutchmen would take him on board for a less sum than 100 guineas, and consequently not having such a sum in his possession, he remained on board the Pacific; until, in consequence of his pressing entreaties, he was conveyed on shore on the coast of Holland by a small boat, rowed by some of the crew of the Pacific, for which he paid 7l. such being all he possessed, excepting 5l. after paying his passage out to sea.

At the late Old Bailey Sessions, Elizabeth Hinchliffe, aged 14 years, was indicted for administering arsenic to her mistress, with intent to murder her. The prisoner, in her defence, said her mistress had used her ill. She was found guilty, but recommended by the jury and the prosecutrix to mercy on account of her youth.

A few days since, as Miss Beever, of Manchester, was bathing in the sea, by the side of Morecambe Bay, on the Lancashire coast, it is supposed she fell; and a maid-servant, belonging to Mr. Ashburner, of Kentsband, who accompanied her to the water-side, though undressed, went to her assistance; when they were both unfortunately drowned.

The Prince of Wales has benevolently contributed 50l. towards the relief of Miss Euphemia Boswell, daughter of the late Dr. Johnson's biographer.

Madame Catalani's engagement at the Opera House is said to be, to play 35 nights in a season, for 3,500 guineas; and also to have two benefits every year, as well as private boxes! Her engagement is for three years.

A strawberry was plucked a few weeks ago, in Mr. Geldard's garden, at Paradise in Yorkshire, which measured one way six inches and a quarter, and the other five inches, in circumference. It weighed one ounce.

A new bridge is projected across the Thames, near the Three Cranes.

DEVONSHIRE GHOST.—The Reverend Mr. Colton lately made oath before a Master in Chancery, of his attendance at the house of a Mr. Chave, shopkeeper, of Sampford, near Tiverton, Devon, in order to ascertain the cause of certain noises, &c. in the house of the said Chave. The persons in the house relate, "*that their nights rest have been invariably destroyed by violent blows from some invisible hand—by an unaccountable and rapid drawing and withdrawing of the curtains—by a suffocating and almost inexpressible weight, and by a repetition of sounds, so loud, as at times to shake the whole room.*"—The above Rev. Gentleman, in his deposition states, that he, for the purpose of tracing the cause of this phenomenon, attended six nights at Chave's house; that he affixed his seal to every door and crevice, and which were never broken, yet the noises, &c. continued as already described. He further adds, that he is so deeply convinced of the difficulty of proving these effects to be human, that he has engaged to forfeit a considerable sum to the poor of his parish if the whole turns out to be a deception.—This engagement we are glad to hear of, for the sake of the poor; for the deception (by confederacy) has since been clearly proved.

NATIONAL DEBT.

FUNDED.

Amount prior to 1793	£238,231,248	5	2¾
Paid off by Sale of Land Tax	23,421,468	9	1
Debt in 1793	214,809,779	16	1¾
Debt incurred between 1793 and 1802 —an Expenditure of upwards of 41 Millions sterling per annum!	329,033,528	11	0
Debt incurred between 1802 and 1st of February, 1810 —an Expenditure of more than 17 Millions per annum, in addition to the War Taxes.	137,109,993	16	6
	680,953,302	3	7¾
To this remains to be added, the Debt created in 1807, charged on War Taxes	18,072,000	0	0
Total Funded Debt of Great Britain	699,025,302	3	7¾
Ditto of Ireland, payable in Great Britain	53,694,000	0	0
Ditto, Emperor of Germany, ditto	7,502,653	6	8
Ditto, Prince Regent of Portugal, ditto	895,522	7	9
Total Funded Debt, payable by Great Britain	761,117,457	18	0¾

UNFUNDED DEBT,
ON THE 5TH OF JANUARY, 1810.

Exchequer Bills	39,164,100	0	0
Treasury	898,056	19	10¼
Army	952,198	1	6
Barracks	432,810	6	4
Ordnance	1,015,360	8	3
Navy	8,263,175	0	6
Civil List Advances	59,924	6	9¾
Debt unfunded	50,780,625	14	3
Debt funded	761,117,457	18	0¼
The National Debt of Great Britain	811,898,083	12	3¼

BIRTHS.

MADAME CATALANI, of a daughter.——At her father's, the Earl of Kenmare, in Ireland, Lady Mary Anne Gage, of a son and heir.——At the Earl of Tankerville's, Walton-upon-Thames, Lady Anna Beresford, of a daughter.——Mrs. Liston, of Covent-garden Theatre, of a son.——Mrs. Michell, wife of Captain Tobias Michell, of Phillack, of three children, one male, and two females; who, with the mother, are likely to do well.——At Sir F. Baring's, Bart. Lee, Kent, the Lady of T. R. Kemp, Esq. of Hertsmonceux Castle, Sussex, of a son and heir.——At Wear House, near Exeter, the Lady of Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, Bart. of a son.——At the Dowager Countess of Pembroke's, at Richmond, the Countess of Pembroke, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

HORATIO Thomas Gilchrist, Esq. of Stamford, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Joseph Philips, Esq. of Stamford Baron.——Mr. Humble, schoolmaster, to Miss Clegg, both of Hull.—The bridegroom is 50 years of age, and had been almost four months a widower. The bride is 19!——At Bristol, Mr. Joseph Mallinson, of the Theatres Royal Bristol and Bath, and one of the Managers of the Tenby Theatre, to Miss Gelson, of New Bond-street, London.——At Cambridge, Mr. John Smith, University Printer, to Miss Susan Ind, eldest daughter of R. Ind, Esq. wine-merchant of the same place.——At Ightham, Kent, the Rev. N. D. H. Newton, to Miss Julia Wyatt.——At Worcester, Sir William Pole, of Shute, Devonshire, Bart. to Miss Charlotte Frazer.——Mr. Jefferies, Manager of the Windsor Theatre, to Miss Manbridge, of Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, and one of the principal performers of the same Theatre.——John Down, Esq. son of Richard Down, Esq. banker, of Bartholomew-lane, to Anne, daughter of Thomas Mortimer Kelsen, Esq. of the same place.——William Bolland, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Bolland, Esq. Clapham.——At Little Horsted, Sussex, Sir George Clerk, of Penniwick, to Miss Maria Law, daughter of Ewan Law, Esq. and niece to Lord Ellenborough.——At Folkestone, James Colquhoun, Esq. only son of Patrick Colquhoun, Esq. LL. D. to Catherine, daughter of James Deacon, Esq. of James-street, Westminster.——Benjamin Sharpe, Esq. of Fleet-street, banker, to Ann, eldest daughter of Benjamin Kennett, Esq. of Northfleet, Kent.——Capt. H. L. Ball, late of H. M. S. Gibraltar, to the daughter of Major-Gen. G. Johnson, late of the H. E. I. Cy.'s Service.——W. Isaacson, Esq. of Mildenhall, Suffolk, to the daughter of the late G. Tattersall, Esq. of Grosvenor-place.——C. Chad, Esq. eldest son of Sir G. C. of Thursford Hall, Norfolk, to Lady Ann Turnour, daughter of Earl Winterton, of Shillingie Park, Sussex.——Dr. Buxton, of Fenchurch-street, to the daughter of J. Travers, Esq. of Highbury Grove.——P. Methuen, Esq. to the daughter of the late Sir H. P. St. J. Mildmay, of Dogmersfield Park, Hants.——At Hampstead, D. Powell, Esq. of Leighton, Essex, to Miss G. Hoare.——T. Crosse, Esq. of Shawes Hill, near Preston, to the daughter of the late Alderman Newnham.——The Hon. Philip Sydney Pierrepont, youngest son of Earl Manvers, to Georgina, daughter of the late Herbert Gwynne Browne, Esq. of Imley Park, Northamptonshire, and widow of the late Price Edwards, Esq. of Talgarth, Merionethshire.——Viscount Falmouth, to the eldest daughter of H. Bankes, Esq.——Mr. C. E. Horn of the Lyceum Theatre, to Miss M. Ray, of the late Drury-lane Theatre.——At Kensington, Mr. Smith, of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square, to the eldest daughter of Col. Codd, of Kensington.——Mr. Rowe, of Fleet-street, to Miss E. Keys, of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square.——Sir J. Strong, to Miss Calvert.——At Columbo, T. Eden, Esq. to Frances, daughter of the Hon. J. Rodney.——At Madras, Capt. Taylor, A. D. C. to the Governor-general, to Miss A. Petrie.——

John Dickinson, Esq. of Ludgate street, to Anne, second daughter of Harry Grover, Esq. Hemel Hempstead, Herts.——Mr. Joseph Holmes, of Woodhouse, stone-mason, to Miss Mary Cooper, of Hunslet. This marriage proves, that "the SILENT eloquence of love," so much celebrated in song, is not a poetic fiction; for the bridegroom is deaf and dumb!——William Johnson, Esq. banker, of Stamford, to Charlotte, daughter of Mathew Consett, Esq. Guildford-street.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, at Seaham near Sunderland, in the county of Durham, where he went for the recovery of his health from a deep-seated pulmonary complaint, Mr. Joseph Blacket. He was of a most promising genius, which had been, for the past two years, under the fostering care of Mr. Pratt, who, in his recently published Poem of the "Lower World,"* occasioned by Lord Erskine's bill for preventing wanton cruelty to dumb animals, speaks of him as follows: —The public are as yet, but slightly acquainted with the merits of this extraordinary young man: the only mark of his genius, *properly* before them, being "The Times," an Ode in the commencement of the year 1809; one of the most important events, of which, the glorious, though unfortunate struggle of the Spanish nation for its liberty, furnishing its principal subject. It was, however, not undistinguished by the professional critics, and to adopt the language of one of them, "hailed as possessing many beauties, which are not to be found in many of the effusions of a highly-cultivated muse," and by another, "as a bud promising future excellence when matured by time and experience, the age of the author being as they (rightly) understood, little more than twenty years. This information is intended by the editor, to serve as a *notice* of farther developements of his young friend's genius, in a volume now in the press, and which, we are told, will be accompanied by many deeply interesting circumstances, not of merit only, but of misfortune." It is gratifying, however, meanwhile to observe, that a considerable impression of many of the pieces, which will be included in the proposed collection, have been liberally dispersed, and bountifully recompenced for the author's profit and honour, by private circulation, under the title of, "*Specimens of the poetry of Joseph Blacket*," with introductory observations by the editor. And of those specimens *printed*, but not yet published, the opinion is so nearly *one*, and that favourable, it may be received as a happy earnest of the sanction of the public in general, towards establishing the fame of the amiable author, and still adding farther to the comforts of his now orphan daughter and aged mother.——At the Black-Rock road' near Dublin, Patrick Sharkey, Esq. well known as the original proprietor of the Racing Calendar, and Judge of the Curragh.——Aged 21, Mr. R. Hartridge, apprentice to Mr. Castle, surgeon, of Sittingbourne: he was bathing at Crown Quay, Milton; but going out of his depth, was unfortunately drowned.——At Edinburgh, Paul Minchen, Esq. Rear-admiral of the White.——Mr. Joseph Roffey. His remains were interred in the burial-ground of the Broadway Chapel, Westminster. He had been upwards of 50 years grave-digger of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster; in which situation bred from his youth, he succeeded his father, and remained in it till within a few days of his decease, being in the 76th year of his age; acting also as a bearer, he had borne many a corpse in his time to the silent tomb; being likewise an adept in ringing, the bells of St. Margaret's church were muffled, and in a dumb peal solemnized the departed spirit of a musical brother to a better world.——At Walham Green, the Rev. Mr. Prevost, Minister of the French Conformist Chapel, Dean-street, Soho.——At his brother's, George Palmer, Esq. in Doughty-street, Mr. Thomas Palmer, of Brighton, who for some years filled the offices of Overseer and Churchwarden of that parish, in a manner which reflects honour on his memory.——In Swansea, aged 67, William Jeffreys, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the counties of Glamorgan and Brecon, a Deputy-lieutenant of the former county, and the oldest Alderman in the Corporation of Swansea. He had thrice served the office of Portreeve of that town.——In the 79th year of his age, Borlase, Lord Viscount Cullen, of Rushton-Hall, Northampton-hire.——In Weymouth-street, Cavendish-square, Jane, widow of Morris Robinson, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields, mother of Lord Rokeby, of Mount-morris, in Kent.——T. Hussey, Esq. of Parkney's-green, Maidenhead Thicket.——Mr. Campbell, apothecary, of Coventry-street; he fell overboard in Ramsgate Harbour, and was drowned.

AUG. 9. In Dumfrieshire, Mrs. Miller, the younger, of Dulswinton.

11. At Sonning, near Reading, Mr. Wm. Simonds, aged 75.

18. At Threepland, Cumberland, Mrs. Mary Jackson, aged 82 years; 40 of which

* See our Review of this Work, in our Magazine for July, 1810.

she had been a widow, and was greatly respected through life. She was the person who first discovered the method of rearing what are now called potatoe-oats; so generally cultivated, and with such success, in various parts of the kingdom. The circumstance which led to it was the deceased's observing a single stem of oats growing on a potatoe rig; the seed of which had been conveyed thither by the wind. Observing that the straw was uncommonly strong, when the grain was matured, she preserved it, and used it for seed the ensuing season; which succeeding in a very extraordinary degree, the method was soon after adopted by numbers of farmers.

20. At Newport, Isle of Wight, John Kirkpatrick, banker.

21. At Cork, at General Floyd's, Mrs. Morgell, relict of the late Crosbie Morgell, Esq. and mother to Lady Denny Floyd. ——At Teignmouth, Mrs. George Byng, wife of Commodore Byng, of his Majesty's ship Belliqueux.——In the Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse, of a decline, brought on by serving in the expedition to Walcheren, Edward Hampden Rose, author of several pieces which have appeared in the newspapers under the signature of "A FOREMAST MAN." He was a native of Dublin, and was articled to an Attorney of considerable practice. In a youthful frolic he entered into the navy, and thus estranged himself from his friends for ever. Such was the eccentricity of his conduct, that he constantly refused the different situations that were offered him in the navy; and, at the time of his death, he was no higher than Purser's Steward of the Semiramis frigate; in which situation he wrote a satire on himself. He has left behind him a volume of manuscript poems, and a work under the singular title of "The Sea Devil"—the latter, in particular, evincing a strength of mind, and a knowledge of human nature, which rendered the author worthy of a better fate.

22. In Charles-street, Whitehaven, aged 47, Thomas Dixon, sawyer; for several years in the employment of Messrs. T. and J. Brocklebank. His death was occasioned by an accident that befel him in the building-yard on the 14th instant, which, from its nature and extent, rendered every medical assistance unavailing.—When some of the deceased's friends were putting his remains in the coffin (what startled them not a little), the house clock, which had been silent for nearly a twelvemonth, struck distinctly 12, and has continued to proclaim the hour ever since!——Mr. Chalmers, a Comedian of long-established provincial celebrity. He was found speechless at the door of a house in the city of Worcester, and died shortly afterwards in the infirmary. It was supposed that he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and broke a blood-vessel in his head.——At Teddington, James Mercer, Esq. of Bolsover-street, Mary-le-bone, aged 54; many years one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Middlesex.——At Southampton, Lady Hayward. Her Ladyship, while at dinner with some friends the evening before, was suddenly taken ill, and immediately conveyed home in a sedan chair: but the malady increased so rapidly as to cause her dissolution at four o'clock the next morning.

23. Of grief, aged 48, Thomas Ebrall, father of Thomas Ebrall, who was shot by a Life Guardsman. He was interred in the same grave in Aldgate church-yard.——At Maidstone, aged three years, Charles, son of Mr. Dering Addison. His death was occasioned by his going after a play-gun into some hot ashes, produced from the burning of tanners' turf; which scorched him in so shocking a manner as to occasion his death on the ensuing day.

24. In Somerset-place, Charles Edward Beresford, Esq. Secretary to the Hon. Commissioners of his Majesty's Stamp Duties.

25. In the 39th year of her age, Sarah, wife of Sam. Page, Esq. architect, King's-road, Bedford-row; and only daughter of Daniel Say, Esq. of Sandon, Essex.——In the 33d year of his age, Captain John Bushby, of the Royal Navy.

26. At Cheltenham, Sir R. Woodford, Bart.——Suddenly, at Brompton, Charles Palmer, Esq.

27. At New-End square, Hampstead, of an inflamation on the lungs, in the 36th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Clavering, Lady of Edward Clavering, Esq.——At Portsmouth, Major Innes of the 94th, or Scotch Brigade, who came home in his Majesty's ship Milan, from Lisbon: he had landed but a few hours.—This officer had often distinguished himself in his country's battles. He was a Subaltern of the Grenadier Company of the 94th Regiment at the storming of Seringapatam, when Captain Hay (brother of the present Brigadier-general Hay, of the Scots Royals), and one Subaltern were killed; and Mr. Innes and another Subaltern, all of one company, were badly wounded. His long services in the East Indies brought on a liver complaint; and his active services at Cadiz produced a dysentery, of which disease he died, in the prime of life.——Aged 19, Mrs. Eliza Harris, wife of Thomas Herbert Harris, Esq. Commander in the Hon. East India Company's service.

28. At Ince Blundell, near Liverpool, Henry Blundell, Esq. aged 86.——At Drumsheugh, Francis, Earl of Moray.

29. Mrs. Mary Lush, wife of Charles Lush, of Charles-square, Hoxton, Esq. aged 39, a few days after delivery of her first child, which was still-born. Gifted with powers of mind which fall to the lot of few, with a quick discernment of character, she was liberal in her opinions, and tender to the failings of humanity. She was particularly distinguished by a cheerful and benign temper, uniting the most pleasing urbanity of manners to the strictest attention to the duties of religion. Her loss will long be lamented by

her family and friends, and by all who could appreciate the value of her amiable disposition. ——Of a decline, at Lympston, Devonshire, Mrs. Hill, wife of Mr. J. Hill, merchant, of Rotherhithe; and daughter of the late Dr. Maddox. Her disorder was caught by sitting opposite an open window in a current of air at church. ——Mr. George Middleton, who has contributed much to the improvement of agriculture in the neighbourhood of Cromarty. He was thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot, at Avoch, on his way to Inverness.

30. Suddenly, at his farm near Bishopsbourn, Thomas Parker, Esq. Mayor of Canterbury. ——At Abergavenny, William Ferdinand Hanbury Williams, Esq. late of the 17th regiment of foot.

31. In Sloane-street, Alexander Leitch, Esq. aged 34, who for many years laboured under a severe malady, which he endured with exemplary patience——Paul Chadwick, Esq. an old inhabitant of Sloane-street, aged 71.——At Chingford Hatch, suddenly, William Bell, Esq.——At Winchester, Richard Church. He was bitten by a mad cat about nine months since; but felt no ill consequence till that day; when he was seized with hydrophobia, and died. ——Aged 77, Mr. Jonathan Nutsail, a Swiss, many years valet to his Grace the Duke of Rutland.——At Twickenham, Mr. George Newport, of Gray's-inn-lane.

Sept. 1. In his 78th year, Edward Southouse, Esq. formerly one of his Majesty's Judges in British America.——Mr. Charles Hammond, of Deal.——At Bridgenorth, Shropshire, in his 82d year, Thomas Haslewood, Esq.——Mr. Blackband, of Gnosall, near Stafford. He fell from his horse within a short distance from his own door, by which he received so much injury that he survived but a short time.

2. At Charlton, near Blandford, Mrs. Bastard, wife of Thomas H. Bastard, Esq. of that place. —— At Eydon Lodge, Northamptonshire, John Walker, Esq. of Hackney, aged 70.——Mr. David Haigh, landlord of the Shakespeare Tavern, in Halifax. Having got out of bed, supposed in his sleep, he unfortunately threw up the chamber window, and, falling into a yard adjoining the premises, was so dreadfully bruised as to cause his immediate death.—He was in the prime of life, and has left three children and a pregnant wife to lament the dreadful accident.

3. At Birkinhead Priory, near Liverpool, Mrs. Lake, wife of William Charles Lake, Esq. ——Of a violent fever, in the 15th year of her age, Miss Jannette Gann, of Bloomsbury-square, second daughter to Mrs. Davis, of the Piazza Coffee-house.——In Portland-place, Mrs. Eyre, the Lady of A. H. Eyre, Esq. M. P. for the county of Nottingham.——In Old Burlington-street, the Hon. E. Bouverie, M. P. for Northampton, uncle to the Earl of Radnor.——Mr. John Halfhide, of Merton, Surrey.

4. At Brighton, Henry Hughs, Esq. of Harley-street, Cavendish-square, aged 62.

5. At Leopardstown, county of Dublin, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Castlecoote, the Right Hon. C. Henry Coote, Lieutenant-colonel of the Queen's County Militia, in the 28th year of his age.——At Hull, aged 59, Mrs. Sarah Motteram, wife of Mr. J. Motteram, of Gainsbro', wharfinger: in landing out of the Gainsbro' Packet, her foot slipped, and she fell and hurt her leg so much that a mortification ensued.——Joseph Savage, Esq. surgeon, Kingsland, Middlesex.——In Great George-street, Westminster, Charles Pybus, Esq.

6. At Lullingstone Castle, Kent, in the 78th year of his age, Sir John Dixon Dyke, Bart.——At Burwash, Sussex, William Constable, Esq. in the 65th year of his age. ——At Richmond, Mr. Williamson, who formerly belonged to the Bath Theatre, and afterwards to Covent-garden, in which he made his debut as the original Bob of the Mill, in the Opera of "The Woodman."—The previous evening he fell out of his chair in a fit, and never spoke afterwards.—— Mr. Croft, linen-draper, of Blackfriars-road, of an apoplectic fit. He was serving in his shop at an early hour in the morning, and a corpse before 12 o'clock.

8. At Margate, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Mr. G. Readhead, of the House of Hogg, Readhead, and Co. Philpot lane, London.——Guy, son of the Hon. Lieutenant-colonel George Carleton. ——Thomas Loggen, Esq. of Basinghall-street, solicitor.

9. At Cadogan-place, Caroline Henrietta Napier, aged 20, youngest daughter of the late Hon. George, and Lady Sarah Napier, and niece to the Duchess of Leinster.——At Brighton, Mr. Cole, a respectable solicitor of Windsor, who met with a dreadful accident while returning from Worthing, by the upsetting of the stage-coach.—He had submitted to the operation of having his fractured leg amputated, about an hour previous to his dissolution.——At Marsten, near Frome, the Hon. George Boyle, second son of the Earl of Corke. ——At Richmond-hill, Francis Warren Bonham, Esq.

10. At Brighton, aged 72, James Mitchell, Esq. of Limehouse.

11. At Hastings Barracks, Captain and Adjutant Edward Trelawney, of the Bedford Militia, in which regiment he served 28 years.——At Brompton, Mr. Hipp, a native of Germany, and many years brown-bread-baker to her Majesty.——At the South Parade, Bath, Sam. Scott, Esq. aged 84.——At Leigh, Sir Francis Baring, Bart. in his 74th year. Sir Francis was of a Devonshire family; but came to London early in life, and studied mercantile affairs, if we mistake not, in the house of Boehm. His talents were of a very superior cast, and highly improved by reading. Few men understood the real interests of trade better;

and it may be added, few men ever arrived to the highest rank and honour of commercial life with more unsullied integrity. At his death, he was unquestionably the first merchant in Europe; first in knowledge and talents, and first in character and opulence. His name was known and respected in every commercial quarter of the globe; and by the East India Company, and other public trading bodies, he was consulted as a man of consummate knowledge and inflexible honour.—Throughout his long and respectable life, he acted on those steady principles, which seldom fail to raise men to opulence and credit, although they may not always enable them to shine with such superior lustre. One obstruction Sir Francis had to contend with from his earliest days—an incurable deafness. By the usual helps, however, he contrived that this should very little impede his communications; and both in Parliament, and as Chairman of the East India Company, his opinion was so highly valued, that every pains was taken to prevent the subject in debate from suffering by his infirmity. His private, as well as public life, if faithfully delineated, would form a most instructive lesson to the mercantile world—and a lesson particularly necessary at a time when so many seem to forget or despise the genuine attributes of an English merchant, and aspire at sudden and unsubstantial wealth and credit, by the paltry speculations of mere fraud and low cunning. On the contrary, the soundest principles and truest policy laid the foundation of Sir Francis Baring's fortune and character, and guided him in all his transactions. In future annals he will rank with the illustrious names of Gresham, Firmin, and Barnard; men who have formed the English character, and to whom English commerce is indebted for its superiority. He died universally respected and esteemed. He was physically exhausted; but his mind remained unsubdued by age or infirmity to the last breath. His bed was surrounded by *nine* out of ten, the number of his sons and daughters; all of whom he assisted to establish in splendid independence. Three of his sons carry on the commercial house, which, by his superior talents and integrity, he had carried to so great a height of respect—and the other two sons are returned from India with fortunes. To his five daughters, who are all married, he gave most liberal dowries; and, in addition to all this, it is supposed he has left freehold estates to the amount of half a million. Such has been the result of the honourable life of this English Merchant! It is said on Change, that he was the personal holder of upwards of two millions of the last Omnium.

12. At Sydenham, aged 76, Josiah Dornford, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Kent.——At Stockwell, Robert Tyler, Esq. aged 69 years.——John King, Esq late Major in the Fermanagh Militia, and formerly a Member of the Irish Parliament.

14. At Pinkney's Green, Maidenhead, Thomas Hussey, Esq.

15. At his house near Richmond, Yorkshire, aged about 55, Mr. Thomas Field.—He was born at Melbourn, near Pocklington, in that county, and was many years one of the leading Jockies in the North; and his riding the following races over the York Course, besides several others, must ever be remembered by sportsmen. These were—Mr. Pierse's Rosamond, against St. George, Ruby, Cayenne, and Overton, in 1794:—Mr. Garforth's Brilliant, against Benington and Beningbrough, in 1795:—Sir H. T. Vane's Hambletonian, against Beningbrough, Trimbush, and Brilliant, in 1797;—Hambletonian, against Dion and Timothy, in 1800:—And the next day Cockfighter, (against Constantia, &c.) who bolted at Middlethorp Corner, and lost about 300 yards; after which, it was allowed that Mr. Field displayed great judgment and cool ness, in bringing up his horse to his antagonists, almost, as it were, inch by inch, which won him the race, though with much difficulty, but to the great satisfaction of the Sporting Gentlemen present.—Mr. Field, during his life, had been employed as rider or trainer to the late Sir L. Dundas, Bart. Sir W. Vavasour, Bart. Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Bart. Sir John Webb, Bart. Messrs. Wentworth, Cornforth, Wetherell, &c. also to the present Lord Dundas, Sir H. T. Vane, Bart. Sir John Lawson, Bart. Messrs. Baker, Garforth, Brandling, Shafto, W. Fletcher, W. Walker, &c. and for the last twenty years was allowed one of the most skilful and best trainers of Race-horses in England.

17. At Clapham, Samuel Hadley, Esq. merchant, of Swithin's-lane, London.——In Prince's Buildings, Bath, at the age of 75, Dr. Robert Halifax, Physician in ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.——At Dorchester, aged 73 years, John Templeman, Esq. Senior Alderman of the Body Corporate of that borough, Steward to the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Hon. C. A. Cooper, &c. &c. Clerk to the Magistrates of the Dorchester Division, to the Commissioners of Taxes, the Trustees of the Eastern, Western, and Wareham turnpikes.

20. At Fulham, Robert Campbell, Esq. of Asknich and Lockguir House, in Argyleshire, and Sheriff of that county.

22. In South Audley-street, Miss Charlotte Anguish, daughter of the late Thomas Anguish, Esq. Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery.——At Clapham, Mrs. Adams, relict of the late Mr. George Adams, mathematical-instrument-maker, of Fleet-street.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Schwerin, the Dutchess Dowager of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, in the 79th year of her age.——At Naples, the Right Rev. Doctor Luke Conc anon, of the Order of St. Dominick, Bishop of New York. He had

resided at Rome more than 40 years, as one of the six Doctors at the Casanate College in that city, and General Agent of the Irish Catholic Bishops and Clergy. On his arrival at Naples, with a passport from the present Roman Government, to proceed to his Bishoprick, he was declared a prisoner of war, and died after three days illness.——On his passage home from Jamaica, C. Cubbison, Esq. native of Ayr; being the last of four brothers, three of whom died on that island.——At Sicily, on which station he had been upwards of four years Charles Williams, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's ship Hornet, and son-in-law to Jonathan Page, Esq. of Great Smyth-street, Westminster. He was one of the few survivors who recovered of their wounds in the gallant action by the brave Sir Edward Pellew, in the Nymphe frigate, when she captured the Cleopatra French frigate; the first ship of war taken after the beginning of the Revolutionary War: since which time he served his King and Country in the Egyptian Expedition, twice in the West Indies and on the coast of Africa.——At Bengal, where he had long resided on the Company's Civil Establishment, Joshua John Brownlow Proby, Esq. youngest son of the late Dr. Proby, Dean of Litchfield, Rector of Doddington, in the Isle of Ely, and of Thornhaugh, near Warnsford.——At Venice, the French Gen. Menou, so well known in the campaign in Egypt. He appears to have been a favourite of Bonaparte; for he protected him on his return to France against all the Officers who attributed the necessity of evacuating that country to his mismanagement. Like his friend Bonaparte, he changed his religion, married an Egyptian woman, wore the turban, and took the name of Abdallah Menou.—Bonaparte made him a Count, and Governor of Venice; but never entrusted him with any military command where active operations were going on.

CURRENT PRICES OF MERCHANDISE.

Alum, English	ton	24	10	0	to 27	0	0
Anniseeds, Alicant	cwt.	6	2	0	6	12	0
Ditto German		4	10	0	5	0	0
Ashes, American Pot		1	14	0	2	15	0
Ditto Pearl		2	0	0	2	15	0
Barilla, Carthagena		2	15	0	2	19	0
Ditto Sicily		2	8	0	2	11	0
Ditto Teneriffe		2	10	0	2	12	0
Bark, Oak British, 45 cwt.	L.	31	10	0	33	0	0
Ditto Foreign		9	0	0	12	0	0
Brandy, Cogniac	gal.	1	3	0	1	4	6
Ditto Spanish		1	1	0	1	2	0
Camphire, refined	lb.	0	8	6	0	9	0
Ditto unrefined	cwt.	33	0	0	35	0	0
Cochineal, garbled	lb.	1	14	0	1	18	0
Ditto East Indian		0	6	0	0	8	0
Coffee, fine	cwt.	5	0	0	5	12	0
Ditto ordinary		3	5	0	4	0	0
Ditto Mocha in Time		10	5	0	20	10	0
Copperas, Green	lb.	0	7	0	0	9	0
Ditto White		2	0	0	2	5	0
Cotton-wool, Surinam		0	1	9	0	2	0
Ditto Jamaica		0	1	5	0	1	6
Ditto Smyrna		0	1	1	0	1	3¼
Ditto Bourbon		0	2	7	0	3	0
Ditto Pernambucca		0	2	2	0	2	3½
Ditto East Indian		0	1	3	0	1	6
Currants, Zant	cwt.	2	15	0	3	15	0
Deals, Dantz. Fir, 3 in. 40 f.	piece	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 2½ 36		0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto 2 30		0	0	0	0	0	0
Elephants' Teet 1. 2. 3.	cwt.	23	0	0	31	0	0
Elephants Teeth 4. 5. 6.		14	0	0	23	0	0
Ditto Scrivell		10	5	0	18	0	0
Figs, Turkey		2	12	0	3	11	0
Flax, Riga	ton	70	0	0	72	0	0
Ditto Petersburg,	12 head	68	0	0	70	0	0
Fustick, Jamaica	ton	22	10	0	25	0	0
Fustick, Cuba		24	0	0	26	0	0
Galls, Turkey	cwt.	8	5	0	11	10	0
Geneva, Hollands	gal.	1	2	6	1	4	0
Ditto English		0	10	0	0	14	0
Ginger, Jamaica, White	cwt.	5	0	0	9	18	0
Ditto Black		4	0	0	4	5	0
Ditto Barbadoes		4	10	0	4	15	0
Ditto East Indian		3	15	0	4	4	0
Gum Arabic, Turkey	cwt.	5	0	0	11	10	0
Ditto Senegal		5	0	0	6	6	0
Gum Sandrach		6	6	0	8	0	0
Ditto Tragacanth		19	10	0	22	0	0
Ditto Mastic	lb.	0	4	2	0	4	8
Hemp, Riga Rhine	ton	62	0	0	63	0	0
Ditt Petersburg clean		65	0	0	66	0	0
Ditto East Indian		50	0	0	60	0	0
Hides, English	lb.	0	0	3½	0	0	3¾

Hides, Buenos Ayres		0	0	7	0	0	9
Ditto Dutch salted		0	0	5½	0	0	10
Ditto Horse		0	5	9	0	16	3
ndigo, Caracc. Flo. 1st & 2d		0	13	6	0	15	9
Ditto East Indian Blue & Purp.		0	12	6	0	13	9
Ditto Brazil		0	2	6	0	5	0
Iron, Pig, British,	ton	7	0	0	9	0	0
Ditto, in bars		15	0	0	16	0	0
Ditto Swedish, bars		21	0	0	23	10	0
Ditto Norway		24	0	0	25	0	0
Ditto Archangel		25	0	0	26	0	0
Juniper Berries, German	cwt.	1	8	0	1	10	0
Ditto Italian		1	10	0	1	13	0
Lead in pigs	fod.	36	0	0	39	0	0
Ditto red	ton	37	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto white		48	0	0	0	0	0
Lignum Vitæ, American		12	0	0	26	0	0
Ditto Tortola		0	0	0	0	0	0
Logwood, Camp.		34	0	0	36	10	0
Ditto Honduras Chipt		32	0	0	35	0	0
Ditto Unchipt		0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto Jamaica Chipt		22	0	0	25	0	0
Ditto Unchipt		0	0	0	0	0	0
Madder Roots, Smyrna	cwt.	3	5	0	3	12	0
Madder, Dutch Crop	cwt.	5	5	0	6	5	0
Mahogany, Honduras	ft.	0	1	5	0	2	0
Ditto Jamaica		0	1	6	0	2	2
Ditto Hispaniola		0	1	9	0	2	6
Molasses	cwt.	1	1[illegible]	0	0	0	0
Oak plank, Dantzic, 4 & 3 inch	load	0	0	0	0	0	0
Oil, Lucca	25 gal. jar	19	10	0	20	10	0
Ditto Spermaceti	ton	107	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Whale, Greenland		43	10	0	45	0	0
Ditto Southern		41	0	0	42	0	0
Ditto Florence	half chest	3	5	0	3	12	0
Opium, Turkey	lb.	1	3	0	1	5	0
Orchilla, Canary	ton	258	0	0	260	0	0
Ditto Cape de Verd		152	0	0	160	0	0
Ditto Madeira		120	0	0	130	0	0
Pimento	lb.	0	1	7	0	1	9½
Pitch, American	cwt.	0	13	0	0	13	0
Ditto Swedish		0	19	0	1	0	0
Pitch, Archangel		0	16	0	0	17	0
Quicksilver	lb.	0	4	5	0	4	7
Raisins, Bloom	cwt.	4	5	0	6	5	0
Ditto Malaga		2	5	0	2	15	0
Ditto Sun		3	8	0	3	12	0
Ditto Muscatell		5	5	0	9	5	0
Rice, Carolina		1	6	0	1	8	0
Ditto East Indian		1	0	0	1	6	0
Rum, Jamaica	gal.	0	4	4	0	6	6
Ditto Leeward I.		0	2	10	0	4	6
Saltpetre, East India Rough	cwt.	3	14	0	3	17	0
Ditto British Refined		4	3	0	4	4	[illegible]

Shellach - - - - - - - - -	6	15	0	12	0	0
Shumack, Faro - - - -	1	13	0	1	15	0
Ditto Malaga - - - -	1	13	0	1	14	0
Ditto Sicily - - - -	1	12	0	1	13	0
Ditto Oporto - - - -	0	0	0	0	0	0
Silk, Thrown, Piedmont - lb.	2	11	0	2	18	0
Ditto Bergam - -	2	7	0	2	11	6
Silk, Raw, China, 3 Mos. Sm. -	1	18	0	2	2	0
Ditto 6 ditto - -	2	2	0	2	4	0
Ditto Bengal, Sm. Sk. g. - -	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto Novi - - - -	1	13	0	2	1	0
Ditto Organzine - -	2	6	0	2	18	0
Sugar, Jamaica - - - C.	3	15	0	4	5	0
Ditto East India - -	3	12	0	4	12	0
Ditto Lumps - -	6	2	0	6	5	0
Ditto Single Loaves -	5	18	0	6	6	0
Ditto Double Ditto lb.	0	1	4	0	1	7
Tallow, English - - - - cwt.	3	13	6	0	0	0
Ditto Russia, candle, white -	3	5	0	3	6	0
Ditto, yellow	3	3	0	3	4	0
Ditto, Buenos Ayres - - -	3	4	0	4	5	0
Tar, Archangel - - - - B.	1	14	0	1	16	0
Tar, Stockholm - - - B.	1	17	0	1	18	0
Ditto, American - - - -	1	5	0	1	10	0
Tin in blocks - - - - cwt.	6	10	0	0	0	0
Ditto, Grain, in blocks - -	8	0	0	0	0	0
Turpentine, American - - -	0	18	0	1	1	0
Tobacco, Maryl. yellow - lb.	0	1	3	0	1	4
Ditto, Mid. brown - - - -	0	0	7	0	0	0
Ditto, Long Leaf - - - -	0	0	6	0	0	8
Tobacco, Virg. York River lb.	0	0	8	0	0	8½
Ditto, James River - - -	0	0	4	0	0	6
Wax, English - - - - cwt.	14	5	0	15	0	0
Ditto Dantzic - - -	15	0	0	15	0	0
Ditto African - -	8	8	0	10	0	0
Wax, American - cwt.	12	10	0	13	15	0
Whale-fins, Greenland - ton	78	0	0	85	0	0
Ditto S. Fishery - -	37	0	0	42	0	0
Wine, Red Port - - - pipe	90	0	0	115	0	0
Ditto Lisbon - - - - -	90	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Madeira - - - - -	74	0	0	128	0	0
Ditto Calcavella - -	90	0	0	100	0	0
Ditto Sherry - - - - butt	71	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Mountain - - - -	67	0	0	90	0	0
Ditto Vidonia - - - hogs.	70	0	0	85	0	0
Ditto Claret - - - -	42	0	0	105	0	0
Yarn, Mohair - - - - lb.	0	3	3	0	10	0

PRICES OF SHARES

IN

Navigable-Canals, Docks, Bridges, Roads, Water-Works, Institutions, and Fire and Life Insurance Companies, at the Office of Messrs. L. WOLFE *and Co. No. 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.*

21st September, 1810.

CANALS.

Grand Junction ....300l. per share.
Grand Union ....5l. per share premium.
Leicestershire and Northamptonshire Union ....112l. per share.
Kennet and Avon ....43l. 10s. ditto.
Wilts and Berks ....58l. ditto.
Basingstoke ....38l. ditto.
Grand Western ....4l. per share premium.
Grand Surrey ....75l. per share.
Thames and Medway ....52l. per share premium.
Croydon ....40l. per share.
Huddersfield ....39l. ditto.
Rochdale ....55l. ditto.
Peak Forest ....80l. ditto.
Lancaster ....28l. ditto.
Ellesmere ....76l. ditto.
Worcester and Birmingham ....5l. per share premium.

DOCKS.

London ....127l. per cent.
West India ....166l. ditto.
East India ....135l. ditto.
Commercial ....90l. per share premium.

BRIDGES.

Strand ....5l. 10s. per share discount.
Vauxhall ....6l. ditto.

ROADS AND RAILWAYS.

Commercial ....135l. per cent.
Great Dover Street ....9l. per share premium.
Highgate Hill Archway ....9l. 9s. ditto.
Croydon Railway ....30l. per share.

WATER-WORKS.

East London ....213l. per share.
West Middlesex ....144l. ditto.
South London ....127l. ditto.
York Buildings ....47l. per share premium.
Kent ....52l. 10s. ditto.
Colchester ....45l. ditto.
Grand Junction ....6l. per share premium.

INSTITUTIONS.

London .... 70l. per share.
Auction Mart .... 70 guineas per share premium.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCES.

Globe .... 126l. per share.
Imperial .... 76l. ditto.
Albion .... 60l. ditto.
Hope .... 4l. 5s. ditto.
Eagle .... 4l. 5s. ditto.
Atlas .... 4l. 5s. ditto.
Rock .... 22s. per share premium.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from September 8 to September 15, 1810.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	102	8	48	0	44	6	32	2	50	6
Kent	101	6	58	0	44	0	31	0	47	0
Sussex	113	6	00	0	00	0	31	0	00	0
Suffolk	97	7	00	0	00	0	28	8	45	3
Cambridge	100	6	00	0	00	0	21	8	47	2
Norfolk	97	5	00	0	34	10	28	6	50	0
Lincoln	106	9	55	0	36	10	26	5	55	0
York	95	8	00	0	37	4	25	10	58	5
Durham	104	6	00	0	50	2	26	0	00	0
Northumb.	95	4	72	0	46	4	32	7	00	0
Cumberlan.	97	11	56	5	58	2	35	10	00	0
Westmorl.	104	0	64	0	51	2	35	0	00	0
Lancaster	109	9	00	0	00	0	32	8	68	8
Chester	99	3	00	0	00	0	30	4	00	0
Gloucester	124	8	00	0	49	3	00	0	57	8
Somerset	126	6	00	0	43	0	00	0	61	6
Monmouth	143	7	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
Devon	118	8	00	0	51	4	00	0	00	0
Cornwall	110	0	00	0	53	0	31	6	00	0
Dorset	121	6	00	0	51	3	36	0	00	0
Hants	117	7	00	0	47	0	30	8	00	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye.		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	110	9	00	0	40	9	32	2	55	2
Surrey	113	8	53	4	46	0	35	0	57	0
Hertford	98	4	59	6	41	3	31	0	51	0
Bedford	105	0	52	0	42	6	31	6	56	5
Huntingd.	104	6	00	0	44	3	26	0	50	9
Northampt.	99	10	64	0	45	0	27	3	51	6
Rutland	105	10	00	0	47	6	30	0	00	0
Leicester	98	3	56	6	41	7	26	4	47	1
Nottingh.	105	0	56	9	42	0	29	6	57	4
Derby	95	2	00	0	00	0	32	0	55	6
Stafford	106	0	00	0	46	1	32	6	64	2
Salop	116	1	78	10	00	0	37	10	00	0
Hereford	126	4	64	0	59	7	34	10	55	11
Worcester	113	6	62	0	48	6	35	7	56	0
Warwick	119	1	00	0	44	7	37	3	63	10
Wilts	110	6	00	0	48	10	33	2	64	0
Berks	111	7	52	0	42	9	33	5	59	4
Oxford	116	0	00	0	42	7	32	10	52	10
Bucks	111	4	00	0	44	6	33	6	56	0

WALES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
N. Wales	100	0	00	0	52	8	24	8	00	0
S. Wales	108	0	00	0	63	8	18	4	00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

BY THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL.

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock A.M.

1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
Aug. 28	30.09	65	N	Fair
29	30.07	64	S	Ditto
30	29.93	68	SW	Ditto
31	29.80	70	S	Ditto
Sept. 1	29.79	71	SE	Ditto
2	29.78	69	SW	Ditto
3	29.77	68	SW	Ditto
4	29.60	62	SW	Rain
5	29.94	66	W	Fair
6	29.29	58	NE	Ditto
7	30.28	53	E	Ditto
8	30.05	56	SE	Ditto
9	30.10	63	SW	Ditto
10	29.84	62	WSW	Ditto
Sept. 11	29.72	58	NW	Fair
12	29.61	57	NE	Rain
13	29.99	56	NNE	Fair
14	30 12	59	W	Ditto
15	30.29	57	ENE	Ditto
16	29.87	55	E	Rain
17	30.00	57	E by N	Fair
18	29.96	58	N	Ditto
19	30.02	60	N	Ditto
20	30.04	60	E	Ditto
21	30.01	62	SE	Ditto
22	29.90	62	SSE	Ditto
23	29.83	60	NW	Ditto
24	30.02	58	NE	Ditto

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe-lane, London.

DAILY PRICE OF STOCKS FROM AUGUST 27, TO SEPTEMBER 25, 1810, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days 1810	Bank Stock	3 perCt Reduc	3 per Ct Consols	4 perCt Consol	Navy 5 perCt	Long Anns.	Imp. 3 perCt	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 perCt	India Stock.	India Bonds.	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Ann.	Exche. Bills.	State Lottery Tickets.	City Fr. Tick.	Omn.	Cons. for Acc.
Aug. 27	260¼	68⅞	68⅛ a ¼	85⅛	99⅝	18 9-16	—	—	—	181	24s pr.	—	—	3s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2⅜ dis.	68¼
28	260¾	69	68⅜ a ⅛	85⅛	99¾	18½	—	—	—	—	23s pr.	—	—	3s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2⅛ dis.	68⅜ a ⅛
29	260½	69	68⅛ a ⅜	85¼	99⅝	18 9-16	67⅛	6 13-16	—	—	22s pr.	—	—	4s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	—	68¾ a ⅞
30	260¼	69⅛	68¼ a ½	85½	99¾	18 9-16	—	6 13-16	—	—	23s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2¼ dis.	68⅞ a 69
31	258	69	68⅜ a ⅓	85⅜	99¾	18 9-16	67	—	—	—	—	—	—	3s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2½ dis.	68⅞ a ⅝
Sept. 1	—	68⅞	68¼ a 68	85⅜	99⅝	18 9-16	—	6 13-16	—	—	23s pr.	—	—	4s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2¾ dis	68⅝ a ½
3	holiday																	
4	257	68⅝	67⅞ a 68	85⅛	99½	18½	—	—	—	180½	22s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2⅝ dis.	68¼ a ½
5	—	68½	67⅝ a 68	—	99½	18 9-16	66½	6 13-16	—	—	23s pr.	—	New	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	3 dis.	68⅜ a ⅛
6	—	—	67¾ a 68	—	99½	—	—	—	—	—	22s pr.	—	67⅞	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	3 dis.	68⅛ a ⅜
7	—	—	68 a 67[illegible]	—	99½	—	66⅝	6 13-16	—	—	23s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	3 dis.	68⅜ a ¼
8	—	—	67⅞ a 6[illegible]	—	99½	—	—	—	—	180	25s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	3 dis.	68¼
10	—	—	67⅞ a 68	—	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	—	68¼
11	—	—	67⅞ a ⅝	—	99½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	3⅜ dis.	68¼ a 68
12	—	—	67¾ a ½	—	99⅝	—	66⅜	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	3¼ dis.	68 a 67⅞
13	—	—	67⅜ a ½	—	99⅜	—	—	6 13-16	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	3⅞ dis.	67¾ a ½
14	—	—	67¼ a ⅜	—	99⅛	—	66⅛	—	—	—	25s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	4 dis.	67½ a ⅝
15	—	—	67⅜ a ¼	—	99⅛	—	—	—	—	—	25s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	4 dis.	67¾ a ⅝
17	—	—	67⅛ a 66⅜	—	98⅜	—	—	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5¼ dis.	67½ a 66⅝
18	—	—	66½ a 65½	—	98¼	—	64⅜	—	—	—	21s pr.	—	—	4s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	7⅛ dis.	66¾ a 65⅞
19	—	—	64½ a 65¼	—	98¼	—	63⅝	—	—	—	13s pr	—	—	par	22l 15s	8l 15s	7¾ dis.	64¾ a 65⅜
20	—	—	65⅝ a 66⅛	—	98½	—	—	6¾	—	—	15s pr.	—	—	3s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	6⅜ dis	65¾ a 66⅛
21	holiday																	
22	holiday																	
24	—	—	66¼ a ⅝	—	98½	—	—	—	—	—	17s pr.	—	—	2s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5½ dis.	66⅜ a ⅝
25	—	—	66½ a ⅛	—	98⅝	—	—	6⅝	—	—	15s pr.	—	—	1s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	5⅞ dis.	66⅝ a ¼

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